

ENGLAND, WIT
AND
INGENIOUS JESTER
OR THE
Merry CITIZEN
AND

Jocular Countryman's Delightful
COMPANION

In Two Parts.

- I. A choice Collection of the Newest
and Wittiest Jests, pleasant Rela-
tions, and smart Repartees.
- II. A curious Collection of the New-
est Songs, as they are now Sung at
Court, and both Theatres.

*Read but these witty Jests and you will find
They'll relish well to an Ingenious Mind:
When with each glass you may a jest rehearse
Or tell some pleasant Tale, or pretty Verse:
'Twill yield at once Delight and Profit too
And that's as much as any one need do.*

By W. W. Goss.

The Fifteenth Edition, with New Additions.

LONDON: Printed for A. Bettsworth, and
C. Hitch at the Red-Lion & Osborn at the
Golden-Ball in Pater-Noster Row, J. Hodges
at the Locking-Glass. London-Bridge. Pr. 1s.

Jamuel Roaf Lib
Book Novemb^r 29
1789



Entered in the Hall Book of
the Company of Stationers,
according to Act of Par-
liament.



England's Witty

AND

Ingenious Jester.

Killegrew, the famous Jester to K. Charles 1^h. having been at *Paris* about some Business, went from thence to *Versailles* to see the *French King's* Court; and being known there to several of the Courtiers, who had been at the *English* Court, one of them took occasion to tell the *French King*, that *Killegrew* was one of the wittiest Men in *England*: Upon which the *French King* desired to see him, which he did. But *Killegrew*, it seems, being out of Humour, or at least seeming to be so, spoke but very little; and that little he did speak was so little to the purpose, that the *French King* told the Nobleman, that had com-

A 3

mended

2 England's *Witty* and
mended him for such a Wit, that he
look'd upon him as a very dull fel-
low; but the Nobleman assur'd the
King, that (whatever he thought of
him) yet *Killegrew* was a very witty
and ingenious Man; whereupon the
King was resolved to make a further
Trial of him, and took him into a
great long Gallery, where there was
adundance of fine Pictures, and ask'd
him what such and such Pictures were
and amongst the rest shew'd him the
Picture of *Christ* upon the Cross, and
ask'd *Killegrew*, if he knew what that
was? But *Killegrew* made himself very
ignorant, and answer'd, No. Why said
the *French King*, I'll tell you if you
don't know: This is the Picture of our
Saviour on the Cross, and that on the
right side of him is the Pope's Pi-
cture, and that on the left is my own.
Whereupon *Killegrew* reply'd, I hum-
bly thank your Majesty for the In-
formation you have given me; *For tho'*
I have often heard that our Saviour was
crucified between two Thieves, I never
knew who they were before. Which
sharp Repartee, so close upon very
the

the King, convinced him that *Killegrew* was a very ingenious and smart Man.

A young Man an Apprentice was saying to his Mistress; Madam, at our House we have nothing but Love, and where Love is, to be sure there is that that's Good; why *John*, says she, why have we nothing but Love at our House, I'll tell you Madam, *why I know you love our Journey-Man, and my Master Loves our Maid; and Madam, I Love our little Boy Robin.*

The late Earl of *Rochester*, who liv'd in the Reign of *K. Charles II.* who was so well known to be a Person of extraordinary Ingenuity, that no Man that has heard any thing of him will question it, and of which his Poems are sufficient Evidence: This Earl happening one Day to waite upon the King, when there was in Presence the Duke of *York*, the Duke of *Monmouth*, the Duke of *Lauderdale*, and *Dr. Fraser*; who tho' the greatest Dunce in the whole College, had yet the Honour to be one of the King's Physicians. His Majesty being

4 England's *Witty and*
then in a merry Humour, upon the
Earl's coming in, says to him *Roche-*
ster, I am told you are very good at
making Verses *Ex-tempore*. Is it so?
The Earl reply'd, If it please your
Majesty, I have made Verses *Ex-tem-*
pore several times. Prethee let us have
some of 'em now, said the King? On
what Subject would your Majesty
have 'em, said the Earl? At which
the King, looking about him, an-
swered, on us that are here. I beg your
Majesty's Pardon reply'd *Roche-*
ster, I dare not do it. Dare not do it, said
the King! Why so? For fear I shou'd
offend your Majesty reply'd *Roche-*
ster, No no, you shan't offend me,
said the King, say what you will, and
therefore I command you to do it.
Nay if your Majesty commands it,
says *Roche-ster*, you must be obey'd;
and thereupon the Earl began thus:

Her's Monmouth the Witty,
And Lauderdale the pretty,
And Frazer the learned Physician;
And above all the rest,
Here's the Duke for a Jest,
And the King for a great Politician-
O' my

O' my Conscience, says the King, he has satyriz'd upon us all! No wonder indeed that you beggd my Pardon before-hand, for you were resolv'd to stand in need of it.

At another time the King and some of his Lords were at *Crambo* (for at sometimes his Majesty wou'd put off the King, when he had a mind to be merry among the Noblemen, and then it was free to say any thing), and the word they were to Rhime to was *Lisbon*, they were all at a stand, and none cou'd do't. At last, says the King, We want my Lord *Rocheſter* now; he'd do't presently, if he was but here. Says one of the Lords, I saw him but a while ago go into my Lord Chamberlain's: Upon which one of the Gentlemen of the Privy-chamber then in waiting was sent to tell him, the King would speak with him presently. And the Gentleman finding my Lord *Rocheſter* there, he brought him along with him. When he came into the Preience, says the King, *Rocheſter*, we have been at *Crambo*, and none of us can make a Rhime to *Lisbon*. No,

6 Englnd's *Witty and*
said the Earl, that's strange! and't
please your Majesty. Why, can you
do't, says the King? Yes, Sir, says
the Earl, in a Stanza, if your Majesty
will grant me your Pardon. You're
thinking of some Mischief now, says
the King; and then smiling upon my
Lord Rochester, Well, says he, I grant
you my Pardon. Upon which, *Roche-*
ster, taking a Glass of Wine in his
Hand, said,

*Here's a Health to Kate,
Our Sovereign's Mate,
Of the Royal House of Lisbon;
But the Devil take t-yde,
And the Bishop beside,
That made her Bone his Bone.*

At which the King, biting his Lip,
frown'd upon Rochester, and bid him
be gone.

A Woman having the Head-ach,
was advis'd by a Friend of her's, if
she laid but a pair of Cuckolds Bree-
ches under her head but 3 Nights, it
would certainly cure her; so the Wo-
man went all about her Neighbour-
hood to borrow a Pair; some o' her
Neigh-

Neighbours was very much affronted at it, and others laught at her; so falling into a great Passion, Well, says she I see the old Proverb is true, *They that go a Borrowing, go a Sorrowing*; but for the future before I am a Fortnight older, I will have a Pair of my own, and then I need not be beholding to any of my Neighbours.

A Company of Gossips, that were met to assist at a good Woman's Labour, after the Business was over, fell a chatting together over a Cup of good Liquor, which relish'd the better by their eating a Slice or Gammon of Bacon, and a piece of good Neat's Tongue; and it being about the middle of the Night, the Subject of their Discourse was about the Walking of Spirits, which some affirm'd to have seen, others deny'd, or at least doubted of the Appearance of any. At last the Midwife (whose Judgment bore a great Sway with the rest of the Company) deliver'd her Opinion thus: For my part I have gone up and down all Hours in the Night, and yet thanks be prais'd, *I never saw any thing worse than*

8 England's *Witty and*
than my Self, tho' O' my Conscience I think
I saw the Devil once.

A Gentleman riding into an Inn-yard, call'd for the Hostler to set up his Horse; when he had so done, he calls for the Chamberlain to shew him a Room, and the same Person comes and shews him his Room; by and by he calls for the Tapster to bring him up a Tankard of Beer, up comes the same Person; and soon after he calls for the Drawer to bring up a Pint of Wine, up comes the same Person; in a little time after the Gentleman had a mind to see his Landlord, and drink a Glass with him; so calling for his Landlord, up comes the same Person; at which the Gentleman smiles, and said, are you my Landlord, Yes, Sir, why then Landlord here's to you; I thank you Sir; but Landlord, by the way says the Gentleman, what is it possible that you are Landlord, Drawer, Tapster, Chamberlain and Hostler yes, Sir, says he, and there is nothing done in this House, but I have a hand in it, that's almost impossible, and very strange: Sir, it's no stranger than true;

true ; well, I cannot have the Faith to believe it, and so dismisses him : Says the Gentleman to himself when he was gone, I'll try how true this is presently, and it being about Bed-time, he undresses himself and gets on the Table and sh—ts, and blows the Candle out, throws the Canble and Candlestick on the Floor, calls up in hast for his Landlord, and tells him he was very ill, and desir'd him to light his Candle for him, for he could not sleep till he had taken a Pipe ; where is the candle says the Landlord you'll find it upon the Table says the Gentleman, so groping in the Dark, run his Hand into the middle of that the Gentleman dropt there from his posteriors : Dear Sir, says he, what have you been doing here, nothing : but you know I told you before hand I had not the Faith to believe it, but now I see by Experience it's very true, *That there can be nothing done in this House, but you will have a Hand in it.*

A Gentleman eating some Cheshire Cheese, it being pretty full of Maggots, he takes up several upon a knives Point,

10 England's *Witty and*
Point, and eats them; Now says he to
some of his Friends, I have destroy'd
at once more than ever *Samsun* did:
An arch-*Ag* being by, and hearing
of him say so, *Ah Sir, so you have, and*
with the same Weapon, with the Jaw-
bone of an Ass.

A young Woman in the City of
Bristol being with Child, was had be-
fore Mr. Mayor to be Examin'd who
was the Father; being a pretty bold
Jade made him this Answer,

Under Water as I lay,
I was not drown'd, nor cast away,
If I to you the Truth must tell,
'Twas Water made my Belly swell.

A Chaplain belonging to a Man of
War, being a reading of Divine Ser-
vice a-board of his Ship that he be-
long'd to, at last came to the Collect
for Peace: The Captain was very
much affronted at it, but p^{er}ft it over
till Dinner-time; so the Doctor had
no sooner sat down to his Dinner, and
said Grace, but the Captain fell into a
Passion with him, and said in a very
high

Ingenious Jester.

11

high manner (Doctor,) If you pray for Peace whilst you are a-board of my Ship I will turn you a-Shoar upon the first Land we make; for I will not have Peace pray'd for, but War, for when that's at an end, I do not know what will become of us.

A great and famous General falling ill, sent his Son upon an Expedition that he had a Command from his Prince to go upon; his Son goes as General in the room of his Father, and overcome all his Enemies by his great Valour and Conduct, so he comes home in Triumph to his father, and told him, he had destroy'd all his Enemies; his Father made answer, and your best friends too; for now by your doing what you have done, you have ended the War at once; but if it had been left to my Management, I would have made it last this twenty Years.

A young Maiden coming from Cambridge to London to seek for a service along with old Hobson the Carrier, being up in the Road, he among other Questions ask'd her her Name she made

made answer it was *Joan*; O Dear, *Joan* says he, you'll never get a place in *London* with such a coarse Name? Why then what shall my Name be Mr. *Hobson*, your Name says he shall be *Precilla*, that's a fine Name; why then says she, *Precilla* let it be: so when arriv'd at *London* she got a Place by the help of some of her friends: She had not liv'd there long before the Bishop came to Confirm'd the young Persons in the Parish; so she goes among the rest to be Confirm'd by the Bishop; when it came to her turn to be Examined, the Bishop askt her her Name, *Precilla* Sir, said she, who gave you that Name, Mr. *Hobson the Carrier*, as I came from *Cambridge* when I came first to *London*.

A Lady that had a great Veneration for the Clergy, being then big with Child, resolv'd that if it Prov'd a Boy, she would make a Parson of it. When the time of her delivery came, and she was safely brought to Bed, the first Question she ask'd her Midwife was, *Whether it was a Parson, or not?* But alas to the Lady's great Dis-

Disappointment, 'the Child prov'd of the worser Sort; but the Midwife being willing to make the best of it, gave the Lady this Answer, *No, Madam, it is not a Parson, but 'tis as well, for here's a pulpit for a Parson to Preach in.* With which the Lying-in Lady was very well satisfied.

A grave old Gentleman being meditating one Morning in *Grays-Inn Walks*, three or four hot-headed and self-cocceited Gallants seeing him, one that thought himself the wisest, said to the other, *Yonder walks such a Man in a profound Study, let us walk up to him, and you shall see how I'll abuse him.* Some of them that were more modest, were unwilling, because of his Age, which they thought was not to be exposed: But this Gallant goes up to him, and, after a scornful Salutation, ask'd him, *What idle Fancy out of Homer he was ruminating on so early?* I'll warrant, if you'd let abody know, 'tis some maggotty Donceit or other, said he. To which the old Gentleman answer'd, *No truly, not I, I was meditating on the*

14 England's *Witty* and
the 9th Verie of the 39th *Psalm*
What are the Words of it, says the
Gallant? They are these, said the
old Sophister:

*For all the Sins that I have done,
Lord quit me out of hand;
And make me not a Scorn to Eools,
That nothing understand.*

At which the hot-headed Spark went
away, laugh'd at by his Companions.

Two Country-Fellows meeting, one
ask'd the other, What News? He an-
swer'd, He knew no other News but
that he saw a very great Wind last Fri-
day. See a Wind, says the other? Yes,
see it reply'd he again. Prethee, what
was it like, said he? Like, said the o-
ther; Why it was like to blow my House
down.

King Charles II. having had a very
fine Horse presented him by one of
his Courtiers, he bid Tom Kellebrew see
how old he was. Where upon Kelle-
brew goes to the Horse, and turns up
his Tail, and looks there. Says the
King, What d'ye look there for?

You

You can't tell his Age by his Tail. I hope, says Killegrew, Your Majesty wou'd not have me break an old Proverb, and look a Gift Horse in the Mouth.

The same Pricne, King Charles II. was a very merciful Prince in his own Nature, and very ready to pardon Offenders, and extended his Clemency to a great many that were condemn'd. The Condemn'd Roll being one Day brought to him by the Recorder of London to know his Pleasure who shou'd suffer; several Courtiers being present, interceded some for one, and some for another, whom he cross'd out, till there was but one left; and then ask'd, who spoke for him? But none answering, O my Conscience, says the King, *this is some poor Rogue that has got no Money, and so has no Friend to speak for him: Well, I'll stand his Friend myself; and so struck him out.*

An ignorant Country Fellow, who held his Farm by a conditional Lease, which he had broken, was told by his Landlord, (who had an Eye upon a better Tenant) that he must provide for himself, for his Lease was forfeit.

Do

Do you hear, *Joan*, says he to his Wife, Landlord says we must be gone, the Lease is surfeit; but I'll go to Counsel and ask. Away he goes; the Counsel tells him 'twas true. Ay, says the Fellow, what must I do then? *Why your best way* (reply'd the Counsel) *is to chuse two Arbitrators and an Umpire*, that they may bring it to a Conclusion. home he goes; Well, what News, cries *Joan*? News, quoth he, I've a Trick for my Landlord e-faith: But what of the Lease, says *Joan*? *The Lease, why the Lease is surfeit; but I must chuse two Fornicators and a Trumpe-ter*. Well, and what then cries, *Joan*? *What then, you Fool? why then they'll bring the Matter to a Confusion*.

A young Gentleman having a deaf Hostess, used to put many Jestts upon her; and one Day having invited divers of his Friends to Dinner, that he might make 'em merry, took a Glas of Wine, and made Signs to the good old Woman, that he drank to her, saying, *Here Hostess, I will drink to you, and all our Friends, namely, the Bawds and Whores in Turnbull-Street*. To whom
the

she innocently said, I thank you, Sir, with all my Heart, *I know you remember your Mother, your Aunt, and all those good Gentlemen your Sisters.*

A Country-man, that lived near *Sithinburn* in *Kent*, had a very sickly Wife, which had reduc'd him to a very low Condition; and a Doctor of great Repute being come into those Parts, his Wife perswaded him (who was a very ignorant Man) to carry her Water to the new-come Doctor, and see what his Judgment was: Accordingly the poor Man goes one Morning with her Water, and being had into the Room where the Doctor was, *Good Morrow to your Worship, Mr. Confusion,* says he. *Physician* thou wouldst say, says the Doctor. Truly, said the Country-man, *I am no Scholar, but a Man very ingrum and unrude; but my Wife having piss'd in a Pot, I have brought it to your Doctorship, beseeching you to taste her Water.* So the Doctor took the Water, and put it into an Urinal, and having view'd it, he said, *My Friend, I find thy Wife is very weak, I found that my self long ago,* said the Coun-

Countryman, for I have had a Wench
 this Quarter of a Year to lead her up and
 down the House: I did not bring her Wa-
 ter to know that. Was you ever with a-
 ny Doctor before, said the Physician?
 Yes indeed, Sir, said he, with many a
 one to my Cost. What did they tell you
 her Dystemper was, said the Doctor?
 Truly they tell me, she's in a Presumption:
 Consumption thou inould'st say, said the
 Doctor. I told you before, said the
 Country-man, I didn't understand your
 Allegant Speeches, but I beleive you n speak
 true enought; for she has well nigh con-
 sum'd all that ever I had. Well, but does
 she keep her bed, said the Doctor?
 No truly, Sir; for being hard put to's for
 Money, I was fain to sell her bed a Fort-
 night ago: is not she very Costive, said
 the Doctor? Costly, said the Country-
 man, your Worshup's in the right on't there
 indeed; for she hath Cost me all that I have
 upon her already. Said the Doctor, You
 mistake me, I don't say, Costly, but
 Costive I mean is she loose or bound?
 Indeed, Sir, she's bound to me during Life;
 and I am bound to her too, the mores
 my Sorrow. Ay, but prethee, said the
 Doctor

Do
 go to
 to a
 Pfh
 do
 be
 Ho
 Sir
 he
 him
 Is
 he
 cu
 th
 Sp

b
 l
 f
 s

Doctor, tell me plainly, How does she go to stool? *Why truly just as she goes to a Chair; I am jain to have one lead her* Pshaw, says the Doctor, I see thou dost not yet apprehend; I must be plain to make thee understand, How does she go to shit? *As to that, Sir, the same way as othe Foles do, the he backward way she hath a free passage behind still.* But I mean, says the Doctor, Is it thick or thin? O, as to that, says he, *In the morning; tis so thick, you may cut it with a knife; and at Night 'tis so thin, your worship may eat with a Spoon.*

A confident Thief being arraign'd before a Judge for Felony, after the Indictment was read, Now, Sarrah, says the Judge, what say you to this? *Say it it my Lord, said the Theif, I say 'tis a very dirty Business; and if I might advise your Lordship; I d wish you not to meddle in t For I'm sure if you do, I shall get no Good by it, nor you Lordship neither; for I shall go near to bind the over to the Peace. for what, said the Judge? for making me stand in fear of my Life, said the Theif Well, said the Judge, all this*

20 England's *Witty and*
this won't save; for if you deny
hang'd I'll be hadg'd for you. *I thank*
your Lordship, laid the theif, and I hope
you won't be out of the way; for I'm sure
I shall have occasion for you before a Fort-
night goes over my Head. Sarrah, re-
ply'd the Judge, you're an impudent
Rogue. *Not such a Rogue as your Lord-*
ship—takes me to be, laid he I'll make
you joyn your Words closer together
laid the, Judge, before I have done
with you; and so order'd the witness
to be call'd.

A Beggar addressing himself to an
old Usurer, used these Words, *Dear Sir,*
bestow your Charity. To which the U-
surer reply'd, I have it not. *Ah!*
quoth the Beggar, *The more shame for*
you to have so much Money and no Charity.

The French King having in a
vain glorious Boast cauled the fol-
lowing Verses to be inscrib'd on a
Marble Pillar at *Versailles*, to tell the
Greatness of his Actions to future A-
ges, viz:

Una dies! otros, burgundus hebdomas una,
Una domat Battavos Luna: Quid animum agit

In English thus:

*Lorrain a Day, a Week Burgundy won,
Flanders a Month: What wou'd a Year
(have done?*

Which being seen by the *L. Wilmot*
the Ingenious Earl of *Rocheſter*, he
preſently writ underneath.

*Lorrain you ſtole, by fraud you got Burgundy;
Flanders you bought, and gad you'll pay for't
(one Day.*

The ſaid Ingenious Earl meeting
one Day with a very deform'd Perſon,
and one whole Conditions were as
crook'd as his body, was deſired by
one of his Acquaintance to write a
Lampoon upon, him ſaying, Hewas a
very proper Subject for it. To whom
the Earl preſently reply'd.

*There needs no Calumny on him be thrown,
Nature has done the Buſ'neſs of Lampoon,
And in his Face his Careſſer has ſhown.
As clear as when the Sun ſhines forth at Noon*

In a certain Village in *Normond* a
poor Country-man had kill'd a Hog,

22 . *England's Witty and*
and it being the Custom there for the
Neighbours on such occasions to send
some Parts of it to one another; this
poor man had receiv'd so many Obligations
in that kind, that if he had
sent abroad all the Pieces of his Hog
he could not have Presented half those
to whom he was beholden. So he de-
sired the Advise of a Freind what to
dō. His Freind advised him to hang
his Hog so at his Chamber-Window,
that it might seem to be easily taken
by Theives, and in the Morning give
out that it was stollen, which would
certainly prevent their Expectation
of any Present from him. The Man
lik'd the Advice, and accordingly hung
out his hog where it might be easily
taken. He that gave him the Advice
fail'd not to come in the night, and
take it away. The next Morning mis-
sing his Hog, he could not forbear Cur-
sing the Invention of his Neighbour,
which he had approved the night be-
fore. The first he met in the Morning
was the same Neighbour, to whom he
said presently, *Oh Neighbour my Hog is*
Stolen Goods, says he, *so you ought to say.*

ah but, said 'tother, *I am in good earnest, 'tis really taken from me. Very well indeed,* quoth his neighbour, *maintain it always thus, and all the World will beleive you.* Then he began passionately to Swear, and deny that he mock'd; but the more he Swore, the other told him, He acted his part the better; and that was all he got for his Hog.

An old Bedlam being caray'd before a Justice for keeping a Bawdy-House, endeavour'd to deny and excuse it. How, Huswife, says the Justice, have you the Impudence to deny it? I know you to keep a Bawdy-house, and I'll maintain it. At this the old Woman mistaking him, took heart and dropping him a Curt'sy, *I thank your Worship a hundred times,* said she, *I want such good Customers and Supporters as you to recover my lost Trade, or I shall be ruin'd, as Times go.* At this the Justice blush'd, and the People laugh'd; yet for the Conceits sake he remitted her Punishment.

A Verger at St. Paul's being tempted by a Gentleman with a Shilling, to Place him in a Pew, let him into

one; but the Gentleman having no less Money; gave him Half-a-Crown, demanding Eighteen Pence again; but the Verger, being then hurried from Pew to Pew, return'd him nothing. After Sermon the Gentleman ask'd for it again: But instead of giving it him, the Verger answer'd, *I hope, Sir, you won't demand any of it again; for if you have read the Scriptures, you may remember, that the Money-changers were whipt out of the Temple; and if our Reverend Dean shou'd hear I am a Money-changer, he would certainly turn me out of my Office, which would utterly undo both me and mine.*

A Gentleman riding down a steep Hill, and being afraid the Foot of it was boggish, call'd out to a Clown that was Ditching, and ask'd him if it was hard at the Bottom? To whom the Fellow reply'd, *Ay, ay, 'tis very hard at the Bottom, I'll warrant you: Which encouraged him to ride confidently down the Hill; but within 6 or 7 Yards stepping, his Horse sunk up to the Belly in a Bog, which made the*
Gen-

Gentleman kick and whip, and curle and swear at the Fellow; who was still within hearing; to whom he called, you Country Rogue, did'nt you tell me'twas hard at the Bottom? The Ditcher answer'd him, *So I did, and so it is; but you are not at the Bottom yet by a great way.*

Some Ladies having a Petition to present to the Speaker of the House of Commons, waited at the Door for his going in. At last the Crowd grew so great, that there was hardly any passing by. Which one of the Messengers seeing cry'd out aloud, *Ladies, pray fall back and open to the Right and Left, that the Members may go in.*

A Vintner of London having a Fire-red Nose, and Lilly-white Hands, a Gentlewoman taking notice of them, said, Pray Sir, what do you do to your Hands to make them look so white, O Madam, said he, *I lay my Hands every Night between my Wife's Legs. I pray Sir, says she, let me advise you to lay your Nose there.*

A Gentlewoman having a delicate Flow of Philbert-trees, took so much

Delight in them, that he desired his Wife when he died, that she should lay a Bag of his Nuts under his Head in his Coffin; To the Gentleman dying, his Wife put him on a fine Holland Shirt, and wrapt him in a fine Holland Sheet, and laid a Bag of Nuts under his Head, according to his Desire. In the Night, at Twelve o'Clock, the Clerk, after he was buried, goes to take him up, and take the fine Holland Shirt and Sheet that he was put in; but as he was about it, there came a Taylor cross the Church-yard, and ask'd him, what he did there at that time of Night? The Clerk ask'd him, where he was going? So the Taylor says, If you'll tell me what you are going to do, I will tell you where I am going: But they were to swear Secrecy to one another. Well, says the Taylor, there is a Gentleman has six fat Weathers in his Pen, and I am going to steal one of them. Says the Clerk, I am going to take up the Gentleman I buried to Day, and take off his Holland Shirt and Sheet, and Bag of Nuts, and I will wrap this old

rotten

rotten Sheet about him. Well, says the Taylor, if you have done first, stay in the Church porch till I come; and if I have done first, I will stay in the Church porch till you come. So when the Clerk had made an end of what he was about, he wrapt the Winding-Sheet about him, went into the Church porch, and there sat cracking of Nuts for the Taylor's coming; but in the mean time comes the Sexton to ring the Bell, and seeing the Clerk in the Church-porch with the white Sheet about him, runs home very much affrighted, and told his Wife, That the Gentleman that was buried that Night, with a Bag of Nuts under his Head, was sitting in the white Sheet he was buried in, in the Church-porch a cracking the Nuts that lay under his Head. His Wife laugh'd at him, and called him Fool: And a lame Man that lodg'd at his House told him, If he were able, he would go and ring the Bell; for it was no such thing, and it would do him no harm, nor no Person else. Well, says the Sexton, if you have a mind to see him, I will carry you.

Yes, says the lame Man, with all my Heart ; for I fear no such Hobgoblin Stories. So the Sexton takes him upon his Back, and carries him as a Butcher carries a Calf: So when the Sexton came near the Church-porch, the Clerk thinking the Taylor was a coming with his Weather on his Back, cried out, *Is he fat ? Is he fat ?* The Sexton throws down the lame Man into the Church-porch, *There he is take him ; for I do not know whether he be fat or lean ;* running away as fast as he could, and the Cripple after him ; insomuch, they were both so frightened, that they woud never go to the Church-porch to see the dead Man crack Nuts in his Winding-sheet.

Killegrew, the famous Jester to one of our late Kings, gets five small slips of Paper, and writes the Word *All* upon each Paper, and puts them under the Candlestick that stood nearest the Place where the King was to sit at Supper, leaving one end of one of the Papers out ; so the King had not been at Supper long before he spies the Paper, removes the Candlestick, takes up the
five

five Papers, and reads them, calls to *Killegrew*, How now, says he, what do you mean by these five *Alls*? Oh, an't please your Majesty, I humbly beg your Pardon, and I will tell you: The first *All* is, the Country hath sent *All*, the City hath lent *All*, the Court hath spent *All*; so if we don't mend *All*, it will be the worse for *All*.

Two Soldiers at *Plymouth* being Comrades, the one was a very good Husband, and following of his Trade, had got a little Money by him; the other an idle extravagant Fellow. His Comrade falling sick, and being very weak, and not likely to live, This Rogue one Morning very early, for the sake of his Money, takes him upon his Back, and was a going to bury him; but by chance his Captain met them; saysthe Captain, How now *Jack*, what is that you have got on your Back so early this Morning? Why, my Comrade, Noble Captain. What are you a going to do with him; Why, Captain, he is none dead, and I am a going to bury him With that the sick Man at his Back cries out as well as he could, *I am not dead, indeed, Noble Captain.* O, says

30 England's *Witty and*
the Fellow, *don't believe him, Captain,*
don't believe him; for when he was a-
live, he was the hardenest lyingest Rogue
in all the whole Company, and doubtless he
is as bad now he is dead.

A poor Man complaining to a
Friend of his, in his Wife's Hearing,
that she brought him nothing, *You lye*
like a Rogue, said she, *I have been mar-*
ried to you ten Years, and brought ou a
Child every Year, without your Help or
Assistance.

A Wit of the Town going home
very late one Night, or early in the
Morning, coming to one of the City
Gates to go thro', he was call'd before
the Constable, who ask'd him where
he was a going, he told the Constable,
He could not tell. Then said the
Constable, You shall go to the Coun-
ter. *Look you there now,* says the Gen-
tleman, *did not I speak the Truth at first,*
for I did not know whether he would suf-
fer me to go home, or send me to Prison
for which merry Fancy they let him;
go about his Business.

A very merry Blade happening to
fall sick, sent for a Doctor, an eminent
Friend

Friend of his, who when he came, for some Reasons best known to himself, put his Hand into the Bed to feel his Patient's Feet, which he taking notice of, pull'd'em up close to him. Said the Doctor, Where are your Feet? The first Man made Answer, Good Doctor, it is an old Proverb, *After Forty, either a Fool or a Physician*; and I think you are both; *where should my Feet be but at the End of my Legs?*

A Man was telling his Wife, It was her Fault that his Daughter play'd the Whore; for she should have lock'd her up. *Lock me no Locks*, said she, *the Devil take that Key that cannot undo that Lock.*

A Widow in the City of *Bristol* desired a busy Neighbour of her's to help her to a Husband; No, says she, *that I have any desire after the Flesh, but purely to look after my Estate* So the Woman in a little time afterwards comes to the Widow, told her she had got a rare Husband for her, that was very handsome, rich and wise; but, says she, he wants one Thing, which you do not at all matter. Truly, says the Widow, *These*
are

32 England's *Witty and*
are good Qualifications; but I had rather
he should have that than all them; that
we should happen to fall out, it may make
us Friends again.

A Gentleman courting a Lady, she
told him, She would not have him, if
he wou'd not tye himself from taking
Tobacco, for she did mortally hate it.
To which he, to please her, agreed; so
on the Wedding Night he lay as still as
if he had been dead. With that she
ask'd him the Reason of his being so?
He told her, That she had obliged
him from taking that which made him
active in all Things, and did put Vi-
gour and Life in him, and without it
he was always like a Stock or Stone.
With that, says she, *My Dear, you shall*
have some: So she called up the Maid
to bring up some good Tobacco and
Pipes; so when he had taken a Pipe,
he turn'd to her, and kiss'd her. Then
she called to the Maid again, *Præthee,*
Betty, bring up 2 Dozen of Pipes; which
she did, so left 'em to their Repose.

A very impudent Fellow used to go
so often to a Gentleman's House to
Dinner, that they grew weary of him,

in

in so much that the Gentleman seeing him a coming, bad his Servants put back his Dinner: So this Fellow staying there some time, he ask'd one of the Servants what time Dinner would come up? Truly Sir, says the Servant, *not till you are gone, so it is but a Folly for you to stay here.*

A Parson in *London* seeing he and his Parishioners could not agree, sought out for a new Benefice; so when he had got one, he was willing to preach a Farewel Sermon to his old Parishioners: So the Name of the Parish was *St. Bennet Shear Hog*: Beloved, says he, *to be plain with you, I'll tell you, That Hogs I have found ye, and Hog's I'll leave ye, but the Devil shear ye.*

An old Gentlewoman pretending to have a greater Kindness for her Husband than ordinary: To make her Husband believe it, she told him, If he died first, she would bury him in such a Winding-sheet, which was an extraordinary good one. Her Husband was a Man who took great delight in Fishing: he being willing to try the Kindness of his Wife, pretends to be
sick

sick and die; so the old Woman, supposing her Husband to be dead, gets one of her Neighbours to help her to lay him out. Says the old Woman, Neighbour, I must confess I promised the old Rogue to bury him in this Winding-sheet; but truly, Neighbour, says she, it is a great deal too good for him; it will serve my self better, I have a worse will serve his turn: But now I think on't, says she, he lov'd Fishing when he was alive, so I hope he does not hate it now he is dead; there is one of his old Fishing Nets lies in the Yard, I will wrap him up in that: Which when she had done, she invites her Neighbours to the Burying, and as she follow'd her Husband's Corps to the Grave, she cry'd and took on sadly, as kind loving Women used to do, saying very often, *Where is my poor dear Husband a going? Where is my poor dear Husband a going?* He hearing his Wife making that sad and pitiful Moan, cryed out with a loud Voice, *A Fishing, you Whore, a Fishing; for you have put the old Net about me; but I must go home first, and fetch some Baits.*

An

An Excise-man seeing of a Fellow a Fishing thought to Banter him, and asked what he was Fishing for? *Why*, says he, *I am Fishing for the Devil*. What Bait have you got? *My Hook is baited with an Excise-man*.

A Gentleman that had been a great Traveller sitting in a Coffee-house, was telling his friend what he had seen in his Travels, amongst the rest of his Relations, he told him, That it was the Custom in *Italy*, that when any Gentleman had Courted a Lady so far as to gain her Favour to be marry'd to him; before the Nuptail Rites can be perform'd, he must stript stark naked, and set upon a Bull, that is done all over with Pitch and Tar, Rosin and Bees-Wax. These Combustibles being set a fire after the Bull is tied to the Stake, he must ride three times round the Bull's Ring, or else he must lose his Lady. An arch Wag hearing him, said, *Sir I hope a Man need not be very cautious of rehearsing this Relation after you, provided you are along with me to justify the Truth on't*. Why Sirrah, do you think it is a Lye? *Why Faith*

36 England's *Witty and*
faith Sir, to be plain with you, 'tis impos-
sible for me to think any otherwise.

A Boy having Committed a fault, his Father went to correct him, but he run away, and his Father could not overtake him; he commanded him to stand still till he came up to him. I will not, says the Boy, you'l beat me. I will not beat you, says his Father, O, but you will beat me I tell you I will not. *Swear, Father, Swear:* So to oblige his Son, the old Man swore. O Father, says the Boy, *they that will swear will lye, therefore I will not trust you.*

Some Gentlemen being a drinking, a Wench came up to wait upon them; she being not enough, in anger they knock'd for more. The Master of the House coming up, asked them what they call'd for? They said, Can we have no more Attendance but one Whore? Have you no more Whores in the House than this? *Yes, yes,* says he, *have a little Patience, and I will send you my own Wife presently and two or three of my Daughters.*

One a galloping over some plough'd Lands, meeting a Country Fellow,
ask'd

ask'd him, *Is this was the Way to Tame?*
Yes, says he, *to tame your Horse, if he be*
as wild as the Devil.

A Country Maid riding to Market-
upon a dull Mare, a Gentleman over-
taken of her, says, fair Maid, let me
occupy thee a little. *Pray Sir,* says she,
what good will it do me! Why, it will
make you brisk and lively. *Pray Sir;*
be so kind as to occupy my Mare a little,
for she is very dull.

A Welchman begging upon the Road,
came to a farm-house, where they
fill'd his Belly with Whey, that it made
his Guts to ache: Her prays to St. Davy
for Comfort; an Owl being at roost
in the Barn, as he held up his Head a-
praying the Owl shrit just in his
Mouth. *O thank hur, good St. Davy, for*
hur desired but a drop, but hur has given
hur a Mouthful.

A Man sent his Bill into a Friend of
his for some Money; but the Person
sent word by the Messenger, That he
was not running away: But by and
by he sent him again for the Money:
Says he, Did you tell him, I said I
was not running away? Yes, Sir,
says

38. *England's Witty and*
says he, I did ; and he bid me tell
you again, *If you was not, he was, and*
would willingly have his Money with him

A Parson preaching to his Audito-
ry, that they must take up the Crose
and follow him ; which an arch Fel-
low hearing, went just before the Par-
son had done, and fetched his Wife
upon his Back and waited at the
Church-Door for the Parson's coming
out ; so when he came, the Fellow,
with his Wife at his Back, follow'd
him home : Well, Friend, says the
Parson, What do you mean by all
this ? Why, Sir, says he, did you not
bid me when you was in the Pulpit,
Take up my Crose and follow you ?
And I have done as you directed me.
Ah ! but says the Parson, this is not
the Crose that I meant. *Ah ! but says*
the Fellow, it is the only Crose that I
have ; and I have been plagued with her
long enough already, and I do not desire to
be troubled with der any more.

A Gentleman and his Servant ri-
ding thorough a great Water, the Gen-
tleman's Horle happen'd to stumble
and throw him ; so his Horse fell a
drink-

dinking, which made his Man laugh heartely, insomuch that his Master was angry with him, and ask'd him why he laugh'd at him, *No I beg your Pardon, Sir, says he, I don't laugh at you, I laugh to see your Horse cannot drink without a Toast this cold Morning.*

A Farmer, after his harvest was all in, as is the usual Custom, he invites all his Harvest People to drink, for whom he provided very nobly, as Beef Mutton, Veal, Fowl, and among the rest Pease and Artichoaks; so he bid them all Welcome, and fall to and eat, so one Fellow above the rest cut an Artichoak quit through the middle, and put a good Bit into his Mouth; and the Choak of the Artichoak being forgot to be taken off, stuck so in his Throat, that he fell a kecking to get it up or down: One of the Servants seeing of him, told him, That should have been the last Dish eaten. *Truly, says he, I doubt it will be the last that ever I shall eat as I live.*

A mad swearing Fellow was had before a Justice of Peace for Swearing; so the Justice ask'd his Accusers, *How*

How many Oaths he had sworn. They made answer, Two: Well, says the Fellow, what is it an Oath Twelve Pence an Oath, and you must pay two Shillings. Well, and what is it a Curse? Why Six pence: Then says the Fellow, *A Pox take you all for a parcel of Rogues, there's half a Crown, will never stand changing of Money.*

A Gentleman having a very rich Fancy in his hat, several Ladies seeing of it, took a liking to it and would have got it if they could, without begging; so one of them said to him. Sir, you have a very fine *Favour* in your Hat; and so they said all, Pray, Madam, says he to the first, and do you like it? Yes indeed, Sir, says she, very well. *Why says he, if you had not lik'd it, I would a thrown it in the Fire immediately, but seeing that you do, I promise I like it so much the better and am fully resolved to keep it for your sake.*

A mad sort of Spark, in a bitter, cold, frosty Night, went up and down the City, and could get no Lodging—Some Persons did not know, him, and others its like knew him too well, at last

ore
 say
 ath
 must
 t is
 Ther
 For
 n,
 rich
 lee-
 and
 ald
 aid
 Fa-
 aid
 rft,
 Bir,
 if
 in
 you
 ter
 ke
 er,
 vn
 nd
 ac
 ff

Ift he bethought himself of this
 Trick : He goes to the Watch at *Lud-*
gate and abused the Constable and all
 the Watch, calling them a thousand
 Rogues, and all the hard Names he
 could think of, for which they had
 him to the Counter ; so the next day
 he was brought before the Alderman
 of the ward, who said to him, friend,
 you look very much like a Gentle-
 man, I wonder you should be so un-
 civil, to abuse the Constable and
 Watch to that degree as you did, and
 that without Cause. Truly, Sir, I'll
 tell you the Truth ; thus it was : I
 had gone all about the City to see for
 a Lodgen, and could get none, till
 I came to these civil Gentlemen, and
 I thank them for it, they had me to
 the Counter, where I had a good
 Fowl, good Drink, and a good bed ;
 For which Kindness I do here freely
 and heartely give them a Crown ; for
 if they had not taken that Care of
 me, I must have lain in the Streets all
 Night, and, it may be, have catch'd
 my Death, which, I'll assure you, was
 the only Cause, and nothing else ;
 For

42 England's Witty and
For which pretty Fancy the Alder-
man order'd them to let him go about
his Business.

Some Neighbours being merry to-
gether, that dwelt all one side of a
Street, one of the Men said. They
say, we are all Cuckold but one, who
lives on this side of the Way. Here
upon his wife seem'd to be in a
brown Study : How know wife, says
he, why so sad ? *Nay, nay, Husbaud, I
am not sad, but truly I am breaking my
Brains to think who it is of our side of the
Way that is not a Cuckold.*

A very fat Gentleman riding thro'
a Town, some of the ruder sort of the
Town tell a jeering of him, and told
him, that he carried his Portmantle
before, when it should be behind,
meaning his very fat Belly. O, says
the Gentleman. *I always carry it before
me, but especially when I ride thro' a Town
where there is nothing but Rogues, Whores
and Pick-pockets.*

A person telling his Friend that he
wondr'd he could stay so long in the
Contry from his Wife, and she so pre-
ty a Woman as she was, might want

Due-

Due Benevolence. That's nothing, says he, when I go home, I will give her the Principal with the use. Sir, put the Case any Man owes you Thirty Pounds, would you not rather have it all together, than a Shilling at a time. It's true, said the other, one had better take all one's Money together; but by the way let me tell you, *It would vex you if your Wife should want a Shilling, and be forced to borrow it of her Neighbour.*

A Jocular Woman had invited a Friend of her's to Dinner, whom she had several times outwitted, having a Pig for Dinner, she ask'd him if he loved Pig, and whether she should get him some? *I thank you Mistress,* says he, *I love nothing that comes from a Sow.*

A Taylor carrying in a Bill to an Apothecary that was his Customer, the Apothecary was just going to eat a Mess of Broth for his Breakfast, as the Taylor came in: So the Apothecary told him, he had no Money at present for him, but if he would eat a Mess of Broth with him, he should be welcome; for which the Taylor thank'd him: So he

he callsthe Maid to bringthe Taylor a Mess. He eats them, and home he goes, and gets into his cuting Room, and began to handle his Sheats ; but he had not been there past an Hour and a half, but he had more occfion to use his Bodkin than his Shears : So he calls up his wife ; and as the Pottage began to work with him, he fell to work with her, and having pleased her very well, as well as himself, with a Kiss sent her down about her Bufiness till further orders : In halt an hour's time he calls her again, and so the third and forth time ; at last she ask'd him, How he came to be so vigorous and gamesome, because he did not use to be so ? With that he up and told her, He asked the Apothecary for his Money, but he told me he had no Money, but he would give me a Mess of Pottage, which has wrought these wonderful Effects upon me. *Oh. good Husband,* says she *it may be the Apothecary wants money ? I Prethee, my Cock, if thou lovest thy own dear Wife, take all thy Money out in that Broth, for it is of a wonderfull Operation.*

Some

Some Person's being at Dinner at a Neighbour's House at *Christmas* time, amongst other merry Discourse the Woman of the House ask'd one at Table, how many Children he had? *Why truly, Neighbour, my Wife hath 10.* O fie, says she, these Men are always raising causeless Suspicions of us poor harmless Women, (and why cou'd you not said, you had Ten?) *my wife*, says her Husband, *he hath spoken very wisely, I think; for if he had told you how many Children he has had, it might have been to his Shame; therefore he only tells you how many his wife has.*

A very pretty Gentlewoman was a complaining to a Friend of her's; that her Husband was the unkindest Man in the whole World. Is he so, said he? Then truly I would advise you to make him a Cuckold. *I can't, Sir, but you may if you please:*

Two Persons walking together to take the Air in the Fields, says the one to the other, yonder is an Horse and an Ass; if you was obliged to be a Beast, which of these two would you be? Why a Horse, being a nobler

Creature. O, says the other, I would chuse rather to be an Afs: So the other ask'd his Reason for it. *why*, says he, *I have often seen an Afs ride the greatest Horse, and chosen a Justice of Peace, and been Knighted; but I never knew any Horse capable of those Preferments.*

On a terrible windy Day a Doctor comes to *Billingsgate*, calls for a Boat to go to *Greenwich*; so when the Waterman came to the Doctor, the Doctor ask'd him if he could go safe by Water to *Greenwich*? Yes, Doctor, quoth the Waterman, you may safe enough i'll warrant you. You Rogue says the Doctor, you Watermen are such unconscionable Rascals, so that if you can get but 6 *d.* you don't care if you cast a Man away. Sir, we watermen are Persons of better Consciencess than you Doctors are; for you'll not cast a Man away under Forty Fifty, or Threescore Pounds.

One meeting of his Godson, ask'd him, where he was a going? To School, Sir, says the Boy. That's well done, says he, here is Six-pence for thee, be a good Boy; *And I hope*

*I shall live to hear thee Preach my Funer-
al Sermon.*

A Sea Captain, being just come a-
shore, was invited by some Gentle-
men to a Hunting Match: After the
Sport was over, he gave his friends
this Particular account of what Pa-
sttime he had: Our Horses being com-
pletely rigg'd we mann'd them, and
the Wind being at W. S. W. twenty of
us being in Company, away we set
over the Downs. In the time of half
a Watch we spied a Hare under a full
Gale, we tack'd and stood after her;
comming up close, she tack'd, and we
tack'd, upon which Tack I had like
to have run a Ground; but getting
close, off I stood after her again; but,
as the Divil would have it, just about
to lay her aboard, bearing to much
Wind, I and my Horse over set, and
came Kneel upward.

A Bishop going his Visitation, com-
ing to a Town where they had newly
built the Steeple, and had put their
Bells to be new cast, ask'd one of the
Town in a great Rage Why the Bells
did not Ring? Have you no Bells in

48 England's *Witty and*
the Steeple? No, says the Fellow,
Why, says the Bishop, don't you sell
your Steeple? Why so my Lord? Be-
cause you make no use of it. Truly,
my Lord, we had better by half sell some-
thing that is in the Church. What's that
says the Bishop, *Why, my Lord, it is*
the Pulpit; for I will assure your Lordship,
we have not had a Sermon Preached in it
since I was born, nor I believe, will ever
be whilst I live; but I am sure we shall
have our Bells very suddenly.

A Gentleman having been some
time in the Country, his Occasions call-
ing him home in haste, he rid Post;
Being in Bed with his wife, he began
to excuse him self from doing that she
expected, saying that riding Post had
tired him, and he must needs beg her
Excuse. The next Day he takes his
Wife by the Hand, and leads her out
into his Garden, and there he sees a
Cock he took much delight in, as it
were droop and hang down his Head,
and take no notice of the hens his
Wives. Says he to his Wife, What is
the reason my Cock takes no notice of
the Hens? I don't know, *Husband, unless*
he has rid Post lately.

A Gentleman enquiring the Way to Coventry, a Bumkin standing at his Door ask'd him, From whence he came? What's that to you, says the Gentleman? Nay, you are in the right on't, it is nothing to me from whence you come, nor whether you are going; so shut the Door upon the Gentleman, and would not direct him.

A Gentleman a little in Years was perswaded by a friend of his to marry one that was a great Where, because she had a great quantity of Moley, alledging she might turn Turn, says the Gentleman, *she has been so much worn, that she is past turning.*

One ask'd an extravagant young Spark, why he would sell all his Land? He said, *Because he was taking his Journey towards Heaven, and he should never come there till he had left the Earth.*

Oliver riding in his Coach one a very rainy Day, Hugh Peters was riding a Horse-back by him: Says Oliver, *Peters I'll lend you my Coat. Please you, Sir, says he, I would not be in your Coat for a Thousand Pounds.*

Some Gentle man seeing a Fellow

50 England's Witty and
stand still, and it rained very fast,
they ask'd him, why he stood still in
the Rain? *why*, says he, *You do not
think I am such a Fool as to ride in the
Rain as you do.*

Several young Gentlewomen coming
to make their Confession to a Father
Confessor, that they might be absolv'd
by him, they spake all with a very low
voice mumbling their Words thro' their
Teeth, not opening their Mouths at all,
that the Priest could hardly understand a
Word they said, which put the Priest in
such a Passion, that he told them, *when
they were at the Tavern with their Gallants,
they would open their Legs and Tails wide
enough, altho' now they would not open
their Adourbs to confess it;* so sent them
away without their Pardons.

Some great Persons being a Masquerading,
a Gentleman walking a little more
stradling than usual, a Lady took Notice
of it, thinking to put a Joke upon him,
said, *Sir, Take care you do not hurt
your self by stradling so wide, I wonder
what ails you.* To which he presently
reply'd, *Truly, Madam, if you*
had

had that between your Legs that I have between mine; it would make you straddle a great deal wider.

One of our late Queens having a mind to ride a Journey in rainy Weather on Horse-back, her Ladies of Honour could not perswade her from it; so they set *Clad*, her Jester, to laugh her out of so inconvenient a Journey. There happen'd at the same time to be a Bishop and a Doctor in the Queen's Presence. He perform'd it in this manner: *Heaven*, quoth he, *Madam*, begs of you not to go this Journey, because it is cold and wet; and *Earth* begs of you not to go, because it is very dirty; but yet, *Madam*, if this Heavenly minded Man, the Bishop, nor I, that's *Earth*, Clod your Fool, can't prevail with you, her, is one that is neither *Heaven* nor *Earth*, but hangs between both (the Doctor) let him prevail upon your Majesty: Which made the Queen and the rest of the Courtiers laugh heartily, whilst the Doctor withdrew himself, and went home, and died with Conceit at the Jest that was put upon him.

One was a boasting, that there was

52 England's *Witty and*
not one of his Name in all *England*;
with that a Parson made answer, Sir,
I am sorry there is not one honest Man of
your Name.

A Person was saying, that Bishop
Ridley was a very odd Man: *Ay indeed*
so he was to the Romish Party, for they
could never find one to match him, either in
Religion or Learning, says another:

Upon the happy return of King
Charles II. one Parson *Bull*, who had
loyally and learnedly maintain'd his
Majesty's Rights, the King gave him a
Grant for a very considerable Benefice;
but before the Patent was seal'd my
Lord Chancellor *Hide* had disposed of
it to another Person: So the Parson,
having spent all his Money, put his
Hand into his Pocket, and finding no-
thing but the King's Grant, with his
Hand to it, went boldly to his Ma-
jesty, and told him, he had lost all his
Money out of his Pocket, and he found
none but his Majesty's Hand in it. The
King smil'd, and ask'd him, if his Bu-
siness was not done? He reply'd, No:
Thereupon he was immediately re-
commended to Chancellor *Hide*, for the
the

the putting of him into Business. Says the Chancellor, knowing him to be a Wit, What's your Name? *Bull*, says the Parson. Where are your Horns, says my Lord? *Please your Lordship reply'd the Parson, the Horns always go along with the Hide.*

King *James*, with some of his Nobles, riding a Hunting, lost their way in a Forest, where being very hungry, they came to a House by the Forest-side: The King ask'd the Woman what Victuals she had? The good wife told him, good Beef and Pudding. bring it hither says the King; so she set it before the King and his Nobles, and they eat very heartily, and paid the Woman for it, and so rid away. By the Road-side, some distance from the House, a ragged Boy presents himself; scraping with his Leg bare-headed, which was scald and thick Scabs upon it. Sirrah, says one of the Lords, cover your Head; have you never a Cap? Where do you live? in yonder little House, says the Boy, pointing to the House where the King and his Nobles had just dined; *I had a Cap on*

Jester.

54 England's Witty and
Yesterday, but my Mother to day made a
Pudding-bag of it. Quoth the King
It did me no harm in the eating it,
it shall do me as little in thinking of
it; come put on, and let us jog it
down: But it stirr'd the Stomachs of
some of his Train.

Some Persons pleading their Cause
before the I. Chanchellor, and shew-
ing, as it were, the Boundaries and Li-
mits of their Land: The Counsel on
one side said, we live on this side, my
Lord; and the Counsel on the other
part said, we lie on this side: The I.
Chancellor arose and said, if you lie on
both Sides, pray which Side would you
have me believe?

A great Person happening to die
very much in Debt, one cries, he hath
500 l. of mine with him, and 400 l.
of mine with him. Oh, says ano-
ther, and almost as much of mine with
him; which one standing by hearing,
said, I see altho' a Man cannot carry any
thing of his own with him when he goet out
of the world, he can carry a great deal of
an other Body's.

A Country Fellow being at the Affi-
zes.

zes, and seeing the Prisoners hold up their Hands, told some of his Acquaintance, *That the Judges were very good Fortune-tellers, for if they had but look upon a Man's Hand, they can tell whether he shall live or die presently.*

Two Friends meeting, one being very glad to see the other, *Do you hear, Sir, says he, between you and I, my Wife is with Child. Faith, says the other, you are a lying Rogue, for I have not seen your Wife this Twelvemonth.*

One was asking another what was the greatest Wonder in the World? *Why, says he, Womens and Lawyers Tongues: for they always lye, yet never lie still.*

A brisk Spark meeting of a lively Lady, with her naked Breast appearing very tempting, says to her, *Madam, is that Flesh to be sold? No, reply'd she, No Money shall buy it. Then, Madam, says he, if you will not sell your Ware, pray shut up your Shop. Falsb, Sir, says she, I will be so never to let you come within my Doors. No matter, reply'd he, whether I do or no, for they are very dark ones.*

A young Wench who had taken a Dram of the Bottle, went with her Water to the Doctor. He told her the Baker, had been too busy with her, and lett a Penny-Loaf in her Belly. *No, sir, you are greatly mistaken, for it was my Father's Man.*

An *English* Man, and his Wife who was with Child, lodg'd at a *French* Man's House, where they could not understand one another. It happen'd one Night the *English* Man's Wife cry'd out, and wanted a Midwife, and he came down in his Shirt to his Landlord's Chamber to tell them of it: Says the Woman to her Husband, Let the *English* Man come to Bed, you being in Bed with me need fear nothing, So he granted it, and he lay down on the other side of the Woman; and when the *French* Man was fast a sleep, they got to it, and the Jogging of the Bed waked her Husband. *What a plague are you a doing? Why, what would you have me do? If I should speak to him, it would be to no end, for he does not understand a Word of our Language.*

A loose sort of a Fellow was had before

fore a Justice for calling a Woman Whore: The Justice ask'd him why he call'd her so? He said, Because he knew her to be a Whore, and she was his Whore, for he had lain with her above forty times: O, an't please your Worship, he is a great Lyar, and don't believe him, for he never lay with me above four times in his Life, like a Rogue as he is, and he promised to give me Half a Crown a time, but he never gave me a Farthing. Why did you not ask him for it, said the Justice? Please your Worship, I ask'd him for it above a Hundred times: nay, I call'd him Rogue too, because he would not pay me. Why, says the Justice, do you believe he is a Rogue? Yes, an't please your Worship, he is a very Rogue. *Nay then,* says the Justice, *'tis pity a Rogue and Whore should be parted;* so sent them both to *Bridewel* to have the Lash for Company.

A young Woman, nineteen Weeks after she was married, was brought to Bed of a fine Boy: How now, Wife, says her Husband, methinks this is something too early. No, Husband, you

you mistake, we only married a little too late. O did we so, says he, then if ever we marry again, we will marry sooner for this Trick. But, Husband, you are ignorant of Women going with Child, *for we go Twenty Weeks by Day, and Twenty by Night, and I came but a Fortnight too soon.* Well, says her Husband, *than I am content.*

A drunken Fellow being late out, his Wife sent her Man for him, whom he found was so far gone, that he was scarce able to stand; but as they were coming home, it being a clear Moon-shiny Night, he saw the Shadow of the *White Hart* Sign Post upon the Ground in *Bishopsgate-Street*, which he took for a Log, and went to step over it; the Apprentice having him by the Arm, to keep him from falling, ask'd him why he did so? Why, says he, to step over the Log. He said, it was not a Log. What is it then, says the Master? Why, Sir, says the Boy, It is a Sign. What Sign is it? *Why, Master, it is a Sign you are drunk.*

Two Scholars passing by a Windmill, stood for some time viewing it;
the

the Miller looking out of a little Wick-
et seeing them, ask'd them what they
would have, and what they stared at?
Why, says one of them, we are look-
ing at this Thing; I pray what is it?
Why, says the Miller don't you see?
Where are your Eyes? It is is a Wind-
mill. *We crave your Mercy, Sir, says*
the Scholar, we took it for a Tail, see-
ing a Thief look out of the Window.

A Gentlewoman being a Horseback,
and having a Hole in her Dust-Gown,
a Country fellow seeing it, says, Mi-
strefs, Mistrefs, you have got a Hole
in your Arse. *I know that, says she,*
and you may come and put your Nose in it :

A merry fellow being a Bed with
his Wife, let a rousing Fart; hearing
his Wife laugh, he said to her, In truth,
Wis you have but small cause to be so
merry, for if this Wind holds, we are
like to have very foul Weather. He
falling asleep, she raised her Arse to his
Neck, and piss'd very plentifully upon
him; so that it run down his Back to
his Heels: He awaking, says, What a
Pox Wife are you doing? *No harm,*
Husband, what I did was to prevent that
terre-

England's *Witty and*
terrible Storm you said might come; for
they say a little Rain will allay a great
Wind.

A young Man newly married to a brisk Lass, being in Bed the first Night, he let a thundering Fart; His new bed-fellow was very angry with him, and ask'd him why he was so nasty? Alas, my Dear says he, when a Fortrefs is besieging, the Cannons must roar in making a Breach. *By my Faith, Husband, you need not put your self to this Trouble, for the Breach was made long since by my Father's Journey-man.*

A Gentleman was very urgent with his Maid to let him lie with her, but she denied him with only saying, He would hurt her: He told her, No, not for all the World. She said, if he did, she would cry out. After he had jerk'd her Pissing-hole for her, *Now, (says he) did I hurt you? (Well) or did I cry out, says she?*

A Journey-man Shoe-maker having a Kindness for his Mistress, his Master being out of Town, he importunes her to let him lie with her, : but she said *No, altho' but faintly. When Night*
came,

came, he gets into his Mistress's Bed first before she came, and draws the Curtains close about him: She knowing nothing, undrest and gets into Bed where being got, she felt something stir: Who is there, said she? 'Tis I Mistress, says he, Peace. O you damn'd Rogue, you Devil, you Dog, how dare you offer such a thing? Sirrah, I will have you made an Example. Well, well, says he, I am sorry I have offended you don't be angry with me, and I will be gone. Nay, says she, you did not hear me bid you begon; now you are here, you may stay; but if ever you offer to do such another thing, I protest, as I am an honest Woman, I will tell your Master.

A Shoe-maker thought to mock a Collier, seeing him all black, says, What News from Hell, how fares the Devil? Says the Collier, The Devil was just riding forth as I came hither, and wants but a Shoemaker to pull on his Boots.

A married Man having got a Wenck with Child, was told by the Justice, that he thought such a Man as he would scorn to have defiled his Bed so. Truly, Sir, you are ve y much mistaken
for

for there was no defiling the Bed in the Case for it was done in the fields.

Hugh Peters once would Preach in a Corporation; the Mayor sought to oppose him; but by the Intercession of some he was admitted; where, to be even with the Mayor, in his Prayer, after he had made along Intercession for *Oliver* and the rest of his patrons, he proceeded to the Mayor, (who by his Trade was a Butcher) in these Words: *Lord thou hast likewise commanded us to pray for our Enemies, herein we beseech thee for the Right worshipfull they Mayor and his Brethren, Grant he may knock down Sin like an Ox, and quarter Inniquity like a fatted Calf, and that his Horn may be exalted above his Brethren.*

A Boy once upon a time ask'd his Grand-mother for some Bread and Butter? She told him, She would give him none. Grand-mother, says he, here is the Cat, and you, and I, a Pox take one of us. What says she, do you curse my Cat; No, says he, Do you Curse me then? You may be sure I don't curse my self.

A Woman that had a very witty young

young Maiden to her Daughter, sent her with six Pounds at *Mithaelmas*, a Year's Rent, to her Landlord; he being a brisk Batchelor, and devoting himself to *Venus's* Game, and seeing the Girl very handsome, took a great Liking to her, insomuch that he overperswaded her to let him lie with her, which he did, and got her with Child, which he maintain'd. A while afterwards this Blade hearing of a brisk young Heiress, courted her to be married to him, to which she easily condescended. Upon the Day that they were to be married, the other he got with Child came to Church with her Child in her Arms; and when they were at Church she would play with and dandle the Child, sometime looking upon the Landlord, and sometimes upon the Child; which the young Woman he was going to be married to observing, told him plainly, she would not be married to him till he had given her Satisfaction concerning that Woman and her Child. He seem'd to evade, and as loth to tell her, but she being urgent, he told her, If she would
promise

promise not to be angry, he would tell her. She said, she would not. why then says he, *thus it is, I got her with Child, and that is the Child in her Arms. O faith she, is that all? That is a small matter indeed, not worth the taking Notice of; I had one a Twelve-month ago by a Londoner that lay at my Father's House. Say you so, says he, then I will have a Whore of my own making before one of another Body's; and so called the Woman to him with the Child in her Arms, and was married to her immediately.*

An ancient Gentleman being to swear in a Cause before the Judge, the Judge gave him a Caution to have a care what he swore to, and see it was nothing but the Truth; for if he forswore himself, he told him he must expect to go to the Devil. Truly, my Lord, said he, I hope the Devil will have nothing to do with me; for I have given him my eldest Son already, and I hope he'll be contented; for I think one out of a Family is very fair. Then the Judges bid him explain himself more clearly: *Why truly,*

my Lord, saith he, I have made my Son a Lawyer, and I believe all of that Profession go to the Devil, or he comes for them: For of the Devil himself you know it is said, that he has been a Lawyer from the Beginning. A Lyar, you mean, says the Judge. Why, saith he, a Lyar and a Lawyer is all one, I hope, or else we are all mistaken in our Opinions.

A great Gamester having play'd a very considerable Estate away at Bowls, at last Sold what Pewter he had upon his Shelves, and about the House, and went to Bowls with the Money. His Wife missing her Pewter off her Shelf, and judging which way it way gone, or going, run out in a great Rage after her Husband to the Bowling-Green. When she came to the Pales, she look'd through to see whether he was there; and as she look'd through the Hole, he was just a bowling, and cryed' *Rub, Rub, Rub, Rub*: She hearing and seeing of him at it, cries out in a great Passion, *O the Devil rub you for a great Rogue; for I am sure you have rubb'd all the Pewter off my Shelf this Morning.*

A Man in *Flanders* dream'd one Night that he was a Cuckold, so he went to a Priest to desire him to confess his Wife, especially in that Point. *Well*, says the Priest to him, *because you are my loving Friend, I will lend you my Gown and Hood, and you shall take her Confession, yourself.* This very Priest had lain with this Man's Wife several times; so while he was waiting for his Wife's coming, the Priest went and told her the Intreague, and her Husband was to take her Confession. So when she comes to him, after many simple Questions that he asked her, she confess'd to him, *That she had only lain with three Men, that was a young Man, an old Man, and a Fryer;* for he came home, as he thought undiscover'd. As he was at Work he would often be crying, *The young Man, the old Man, and the Fryer.* Troth Husband, I believe the Priest has told what I confess'd to him, and I did indeed confess so to him, for I did so; *I lay with a young Man an old Man, and a Fryer; and yet, Husband, these three are but one; For I lay with you when you were*

a year
you
Fryer
Then
dear
char
hast
in p
be
any

ma
be
bu
w
w
te
h
C
c
c

a young Man, and now I lie with you now you are an old Man, and are not you the Fyer which I made my Confession to? Therefore all these three were only you, my dear Husband. Is it so, my honest and chaste Wife? Well, by my Faith, thou hast given me such a great Satisfaction in point of thy Honesty, that I should be both Fool and Knave to question it any more.

A very extravagant Fellow being married to a witty young Woman, being a good Hufwife and Shrew, had but one Child about four Months old, which he lov'd extreamly well; she would as often tell him of it, and would tell him, that if he did not leave off his Drunkenness, she would fling the Child into the Pond, with which she often threatned him: He follow'd his old Custom of Drunkenness. One Night she hearing of it a little before-hand, when she thought he was upon coming home, sent the Maid with the Child to a Neighbour's House, and pins up a Cat in a Blanket, and put it into the Cradle. When he came home, she began to fill his Ears with Thunder,
and

and told him, I have often threatned you to throw the Child into the Pond, before in should live to be miserable with you; but now I will do it, takes up the Cat out of the Cradle in a great Rage, and hastily runs to the Pond, and throws it in: He runs after her, *Good dear Wife, save my Child, pray dear Wife save my Child.* You may go and save it your self, if you will have it saved, for I have thrown it in. With that, thinking the Child had been in the Pond indeed, he runs into the Pond up to his Neck and Shoulders to fetch it out, and brings it up to the Fire-side, crying and raving like a Mad-man, *O my poor Child!* but unpining the Blanket, away run Puss, which made his Wife laugh heartily, and him a good Husband for the future. So she warm'd his Bed, gave him something that was comfortable and good, put him on a dry Shirt, sent for the Child home, and so went to Bed together very good Friends.

A Gentleman being more precise than ordinary, he happened to have a Servant that was a great Gamester at
Cards

Cards, insomuch that one of his Fellow-Servants told his Master of it; so his Master took him to Task, and said, He was inform'd that he was a great Gamester at Cards. Says his Servant, Sir, I am so far from being a Card-player, that I do not know what a Pack of Cards mean. No, says his Master, pray search him; which they did, and found a Pack. What are these, Says his Master? *Why, Sir, this is my Almanack, which I always carry about me.* Pray, says his Master, how can this be your Almanack? Why thus, said his Man, *There are in these things you call Cards for Suits, which puts me in mind of the four Quarters of the Year; and there are as many Cards as there are weeks in the Year; and as many Court-Cards as Months in the Year; and as many Spots as there are Days in the Year.* And is that all the use you make of them, said his Master? No, says he, *I make more Use of them; for when I look upon the King, it puts me in mind of the Allegiance I owe my Sovereign Lord the King; looking upon the Queen, it puts me in mind of the Allegiance I owe to the Queen; the Ten puts me*

70 England's *Witty and*
in mind of the Ten Commandments; the
Nine of the Nine Muses; the Eight of the
Eight Altitudes; the Seven of the Seven
Liberal Sciences; the Six of the Six Days
in the week that we ought to work; the
Five of the Five Sences; the Four of the
Four Evangelists; the Three of the Holy
Trinity; the Two of the Two Sacraments;
the Ace, that we ought to worship but one
God. Then says his Master, if this be
all the Use you make with them, I can
find no Cause to be angry with you:
But, says his Master, you have quite
forgot one Card, What is that, Sir?
Why the Knave; and what Use do
you make of him; Oh! that, Sir, says
he, when I see him, put s me in mind of
your worship's Informer.

An unlucky Rogue in *Smitsfield*,
being a crying for some Misfortune
that besel him, an old Woman com-
ing by, and seeing him, ask'd him
what he cry'd for? Nothing, says he,
but my Father is gone this Morning
the same way to his End that your
Husband went. Which way was that,
Sirrah? why, he has just now took Ship-
ping at Newgate, sail'd by the River
Hol-

Holborn, struck against rock at St. Gile's, and was cast away at Tyburn.

A young Gentleman making Love to a young Lady, her Father coming to hear of it, he was so averse to it that he forwarn'd the Gentleman for ever come to his House. Whereupon the Gentleman got the young Lady abroad, and as they were walking in the fields together, says the Gentleman to the Lady, *Pray, madam, do me one Favour? That I will,* says she, *what is it?* Thereupon pulls out a Knife out of his Pocket, and and cuts a Hole in the Ground; Now, says he, *pray do me the Favour, as to p-- in it;* which the pretty Heart did very plentifully. So when she had done, he with his Cane paid the Hole she p--d in very severely. Then they return'd home to her Fathers, where being come, he told her Father in a very high manner *Now you may take your Daughter, and do what you please with her, for I will not her if you would let me; for I have paid her p--ing Hole for her:* Which the old Man hearing, thinking he had made a Whore of his Daughter, begg'd of the

Gentleman to have her, promising him for his Encouragement, three or four Hundred Pounds more with her than he designed for her.

A Gentleman coming by *Maidstone Jail*, seeing an old Acquaintance of his there, said, How now, *Tom*, how camest thou here? Faith, saith he, a blind Man might have found the way hither, for I was led between Two, and they would suffer me to go no other way.

A great Gamester one Saturday Night was at the *Temple* gaming with four or five Lords, who having very great Fortune, won all their Money they had about them. Some Beggars being below at the Door, hearing what Fortune such a one had, waited for his coming down: When he came, they begged Alms of him; he bad them come along with him. So he had 'em to a Cook's Shop without *Temple Bar* and there he order'd the Cook to give them what they would eat and drink; and some being very naked, he gave them Money to buy Cloaths. When he had done, as he was going home, he met one of his old Acquaintance,
who

who asked him, Where he had been? *Why, Faith, Tom, says he, I have been fulfilling the Commandment. How, said the other? Yes, I have, said he, for I have fed the Hungry, cloathed the Naked, and the Rich I have sent empty away.*

An old Woman being under a Hedge doing her necessary Occasions, there came two Men riding along: One of them seeing her, said to the other, I will lay you Guinea the old Woman will look back when she has done. Done, said the other. So when the old Woman had done, she look'd back. Well, said the Gentleman, you have lost. I have said the other; but I will ask the old Woman why she look'd back? So riding up to the old Woman, said the Gentleman that had lost the Wager, So old Mother, I see you have been emptying your self. Sir, said she, *you see more with your Eyes, than you can carry away with your Mouth.* But, said he, why did you look back? *why, Sir, said she, seeing of you coming, I looked to see whether there was enough for you both.*

A Person coming to London out of

the Country, riding along by *Charing Cross*, his Horse stumbled, and threw him; which an arch Jade seeing, fell a laughing. The Gentleman being affronted, said, It is no wonder for my Horse to stumble when he sees a Whore: *Is it not, Sir*, said she, *why then as a Friend, I would advise you to ride no further; for if you do, you may chance to break your Neck.*

A very ingenious Man was walking along *Cheapside*, which a hectoring Blade meeting, thrust him from the Wall, saying, he did not use to give every saucy Jackanapes the Wall. Whereunto the Gentleman smartly reply'd, *But I do*; and so past on.

Two Blades of the Times seeing a brisk Girl pass by them; says one, There goes the pritiest Gentlewoman that ever I saw. She hearing, looked, seeing him very ugly, said, *Sir, I wish I could say so by you.* Faith, says he, *so you may, and tell a Lye as I did.*

A young Blade of the *Inner-Temple*, hearing that his Father was dead, was very much troubled, being ignorant how his Father had left his Estate. An old

old Acquaintance of his seeing him, said, *Be of good cheer, Tom, if your Father has left you a good Estate, you have no cause to be sorry; and if he has left you nothing, who would be sorry for the Death of such a Father?*

An old covetous Gentleman died and left his Estate to a very extravagant Son: This Spark, as he was riding in his Coach to *Tunbridge*, he was angry with his Coachman for not driving faster, calling to him, said, *You Dog Rogue, if you do not make more haste, I will come out of my Coach, and kick you to the Devil. I swear, Sir, if you do, I will tell your Father how profusely you spent his Estate.*

A good fresh-colour'd Maid coming to *Bishop-Stafford* Market, and being pretty nimble, leap'd off her Horse, but the Pummel of the Saddle being of the highest flung up her Petticoats, and shew'd almost all that Dame Nature had bestow'd upon her; which a Gentleman seeing, said, *Fair Maid, you have a very clear Skin of your own. Sir, said she, if you like it, why did you not come and kiss it, to take your*

leave of it for you will hardly ever see it again.

Two Gentlemen riding between *Stanstead* and *Bishop-Stafford*, overtook a Miller riding very soberly, they being merrily disposed, were resolved to affront him; so one rides on one Side, the other on the other Side. After they had rode some way with him; So, said one to the Miller, I prethee Friend resolve me one Question, Whether thou art most Knave or Fool; Truly, says the Miller, *I do not know which I am most, but I am sure I am betwixt both.*

One of our late Kings was riding a Hunting, and coming to a Gate which he must go through, seeing a Country Clown at it, said, Prethee, Fellow, open the Gate: The Fellow knowing who he was, says, No, and please your Grace, I am not worthy of that Office, but I will run and tell Mr. *Holt*, who is a Justice of Peace two Miles off, and he shall come and open it for your Grace. So he ran away, and left the King to open the Gate himself.

A Cause being to be tried before a Judge,

Judge, one of the Witnesses standing up for the Defendant, being a plain Country Fellow in a Leathern Jacket, and the Counsel that was for the Plaintiff thought to dash the Witness out of Countenance, said to him, How now you Fellow in a Leather-Doublet, what are you to have for Swearing? *Please your Worship, quoth the Fellow, if you got no more by Lying, than I do by Swearing, you might go in a Leather Doublet as well as I.*

A great Person in this Nation, that one Day had done something he repented of at Night, when he came home went up Stair's, call'd up his Man Jack after him, and told him what he had done, and said, Am not I a Fool to do as I did? Yes truly, Sir, says he, and a very great Fool. *You Rogue, says his Master to him again, though I call myself Fool, I do not allow you to call me so;* and so kickt the Fellow down Stairs.

A Person being summon'd to appear at the Sessions for a Witness, about a Fray that happen'd in *Holborn*, being called to stand up to give in his Evidence, the Judge said to him, Friend,

how came these two Persons to fall out? He said, *My Lord, you are a Rogue,* The Judge perceiving the People to smile, bid him speak to the Jury, *for there are Twelve of them.*

A young Woman being newly married, told one of her sworn Sisters how she behaved her self on the Wedding-Day at Night to her Husband. Oh, says she, when I was to go to Bed, I had much ado to be ashamed, and I unlaced my self, and laced my self again; I pull'd off my Petticoats, and put them on again; and my Shoes and Stockings I pull'd off, and put 'em on again; but at last I pull'd off all. Ah, Gad, I thought it so strange to go to Bed with a Man; and when I was in Bed, I bethought my self how I should lie: I thought if I should lie with my Face towards him, he would say I was bold; if I should lie with my A—to him, he would say I was rude; so I even lay on my Back, let come what would.

A pretty ingenious Fellow hearing a Wench cry Kitchen stuff, he ask'd her what it was? She told him, *That which*

comes

comes from the Flesh. Well, says he, call within a Day or two, and I will help you to some. In the mean time he gets a Pot full of Sir-reverence. The Woman, as is her manner, thrust her Hand into the Pot, pulling it out, smelt the Abuse, was very angry. Nay, says he, be not in such a Passion, for it is that which falls from the Flesh. Truly, says she, you are in the right on't, and your Flesh is very dry, (she clapp'd her Hand upon his Face) and it wants Greasing, and has need of Basting too, and being a lusty Whore, did baste him sufficiently.

A Scotch Minister being Chaplain to an English Regiment of Foot-Soldiers in Oliver's time, was once a preaching to them, and in the middle of his Sermon he took occasion to say, -Good Lord, bless the grand Council above, and grant they may all hang together: Which a Country Fellow hearing' said, *Yes, Sir, with all my heart, and the sooner the better; and I am sure it is the Prayer of all good People.* O, but beloved, said the Parson, I do not mean as that wicked Man means, but I Pray they may

England's Witty and
may all hang together in Accord and
Concord. Yes, says the Fellow, in any
Cord, so it is but a strong Cord; and so
slipp'd away.

A *Welchman* riding with a charge of
Money was set upon by a Thief, who
bid him deliver his Money presently,
or he would make that Pistol bounce
thro' him. Says hur so; well, there
is hur Master's Money, better lose that
than hur own Life: But, Sir, since
hur hath hur Money, let hur have a
Pounce for hur Money. So the Thief,
to please the *Welchman*, let off his Pi-
stol. Gud splutter hur Nails, that was
a rare Pounce indeed, good Sir, let
hur have another Pounce: So the
Thief let off the other, with which
the *Welchman* seem'd to be better pleas'd
than before, and ask'd him if he had
no more Pounces? No, says he, I have
no more: Then hur has one Pounce in store
for hur, which hur will make Pounce thro'
hur immediately, if hur deliver not hur Mo-
ney back presently. So the Thief was for-
ced to give the *Welch Fox* his Money
again.

Two Gentlemen riding on the Road,

see

see a Miller just before them; says one to the other, we'll ride up to the Miller, and banter him: I will ask him whether he can chop Logick. So he rides up to him; Miller says the Gentleman, can you chop Logick? No says the Miller. Why then I'll teach you; Your Horse has Eight sides. How can that be; so he told him, O, says he if that be Choping of Logick, I'll Chop with you. Lets hear you, *Why*, Sir says he, *your Saddle is a Mule*; that's impossible, says the Gentleman, *Pray* Sir says he, *is not a Mule between a horse and an Ass*? Yes says the Gentleman, *why so is your Saddle*.

A Woman asking her Husband some Questions, amongst the rest ask'd him, How many Women he had kiss'd since he had been her Husband? *Why*, truly Wife, to be plain with you, if we had as many Penny-Loaves as I have kiss'd Women since you have been my Wife, we should have as much Bread as would last us this Seven Years. Very well, says his Wife. But now, Wife, saith he, since I have beed so ingenious to tell you, pray be so kind as to tell me

me how many Men have kiss'd you since I have been your Husband? *Why Husband, in short then, if we had as many Cheeses as Men have kiss'd me since I have been your wife, we should have two Cheeses to one Loaf.*

A Woman having not so much Love for her Husband as she ought, he happening to come home very drunk, sits down by the Fire, and falling asleep, tumbled just into it: The Maid seeing her Master lying cross the Fire, runs in great haste to her Mistress, crying out, *O Mistress, Mistress. my Master lies all over the Fire.* You laucy Whore, says her Mistress, shall not your Master lie where he pleases for all you; Hussey, is not the House and all that is in it his, and shall not he make what Use he pleases of his own Things? Therefore pray let him alohe, and don't disturb him; if I know you do, I will break your Neck down Stairs.

A Country Parson sent his Man Jack to look for his Hogs that were missing, his Man staying longer than ordinary, he went to see what was become of him, and looking for his Man

Man, met one of his Neighbour's Maids, and ask'd her if she would go with him into such an Orchard? Yes, Sir says she, if you please. Come then; so he leads her into an Orchard on the Back side of the Town, and sets her down under an Apple-Tree, and sits himself down by her; so the Parson began to be very amorous with the young Maiden, inso-much that she began to cry out, *O pray Sir, O dear Sir, what do you mean?* *Nothing*, says the Parson, *but only ring the first Peal*; which when they had done, the Parson begins to tell her some pleasant Relations of *Don Quixote* and *Sancho Panca* his Man, till the Parson's Courage began to move him the second time; with that she cries out as before, *O pray Sir, O dear Sir, what do you mean?* *Nothing, Child, but only ring the second Peal*; which when he had done, they fell to their old Discourse again, till at last the Parson began to be for the other Bout, the Maid was at her old Tune, *O pray Sir, O dear Sir, what do you mean?* *O Sweet-heart, only ring all in*, She lifted up

up her Eyes, espy'd a Boy in the same Tree they were under, cries out, O, Sir there's a Boy has seen all: He look'd up, O Jack, how long have you been there? *Ever since you rung the first Peal.*

Two Neighbours meeting, the one looking melancholy, the other asked him why he was so sad? O, said he, fetching a great Sigh, my Wife had a fore Mischance last Night. What Mischance? Why, says he, my poor Wife miscarried. O, is that all, said the other, my Wife had three Mischances the other Night, add I never troubled my self about it. How can that be, said the other? Why thus, *My Wife having occasion to do that no body could do for her, it being a cold Night, she takes an Earthen Chamber pot into the Bed, and sitting too hard upon it, broke the Chamber-pot, cut her Arse, and beshit the Bed.*

A Gentleman riding through part of Wales, seeing some Goats upon the Mountains, and meeting with a *welchman* at the same time thought to put a Trick upon him, ask'd him what Country-men they were? *why truly but thinks them to be Welchmen by their Beards,*

Beards, but hur is sure they be Englishmen by their Horns.

A poor Boy coming a begging to an Inn upon the Road, the Maid seeing the Boy to shake with Cold, bid him come to the Fire and warm him: In the mean time, a Gentleman that was there, order'd the Maid to set on some Eggs for his Supper, which the Boy taking notice of ask'd the Maid for some Salt? Sirrah, what would you do with Salt? Why, says he, may be the Gentleman will give me an Egg when they are boil'd: For which Joke's sake, the Gentleman bid the Maid put in two or three Eggs for the Boy: So when the Boy was eating his Eggs, the Gentleman ask'd him what Country Lad he was? I am Yorkshire, Sir, says the Boy. Says the Gentleman, Yorkshire Men are very great Horse-stealers. The Boy all the while wanting some Drink to his Eggs, takes up the Tankard that was filled for the Gentleman, and says, Sir, my Father did use to make no more of stealing a Horse, than I do to drink up this Tankard of Beer; which he did to the Gentleman's great Satisfaction. The

The late King Charles and the Duke of *Ormand*, discoursing of the prettiest Women of several Countries, says the K. to the Duke, You have very pretty Women in *Ireland*, but only they have great Legs. *O that's nothing, please you my Leige, we lay them aside.*

A Miller having three Sons, was resolv'd they should be of his own Trade, because it was an honest one. Their Names were *John*, *Thomas*, and *William*, so he settled each Son in a Mill. In a short time after he took his Rounds to see them; so coming to his eldest Son, *John*, ask'd him, what Trade he drove, and how he thriv'd? O Father, lays he, I had better been a Chimney-sweeper than a Miller, for I can't live on't. Why, Son, how do you go on then? why, Father I take a Peck out of a Bushel, and it will not do. So he goes to his middlemost Son, *Thomas*: So *Thomas*, how fares it with you? Your Brother *John* can hardly live of his Trade, why, Father, I make a very pretty Business of it. VVhy, what Measures do you take, Son? VVhy, Father, I

am

am very honest and just to my Customers; I only take two Pecks out of a Bushel, because Father, I must have the Pot boil a *Sundays*. Good Boy, I commend thee. So the old Man at last goes to his youngest Son; Son *William*, What, can't make it do Boy? Ay, Father, bravely. Why, Son, what Measures do you take? Why, Father, I am your own Son, I observe your old Rule, that is, *To do no Right, nor take no Wrong, keep all I can get, and part from nothing, for I keep all, and forswear the Sacks.*

A Gentleman going to a Cook's Shop, calling for Six penny-worth of roast Beef; but the Cook being very busy with some other Customers, forgot the Gentleman; but at last seeing of the Gentleman have no Meat before him, ask'd him what he call'd for? He said, Now I have lost my Stomach, and my Belly is full with the Scent of it, therefore, Good buy to you. Pray stay and pay me for it; there's no reason but I should have Satisfaction. Why then, Friend, says the Gentleman to the Cook, we will be judged by

by the next Man that comes by. Done, says the Cook. So it happen'd that a very foolish Fellow was the next that came, so in short they told this Fellow the Business: He calls for two Pewter-Dishes, and desires the Gentleman to give him Six pence, so the Gentleman did; he puts the Six-pence between the two Dishes, and rattles the Six-pence, and asks the Cook whether he was satisfied that he heard it? Yes, says the Cook, I am. Well, says the Fellow to the Gentleman, *There is your Six-pence; so Mr. Cook you are satisfied with hearing of the Money rattle, as well as the Gentleman was with the Scent of the Meat.*

A Welchman happened in a Fray to break a Man's Head, for which he was obliged to pay to the Man ten Groats, which was all the Money he had; yet the *welchman* went to a Cook's Shop, and called for Meat and Drink, and after he had done, calls to see what he had to pay? The Cook told him Twenty Pence to pay; Twenty Pence, says the *welchman*? Yes, says the Cook. Pray honest Cook tell hur, suppose a Man breaks

another's Head, what must he give to make him Satisfaction? why, says the Cook, Ten Groats. Pray Sir, says he, do he the favour as to break his Head, for he hath never a Penny of Money to pay the Reckoning with, and give him Twenty Pence again.

An Excuse-man riding thro' some plough'd lands, seeing a Man a Sowing ask'd him what it was? It is Barley. O then, says the Excuse-man, you are at work for me. No, that's your Mistake, I am at work for myself; but my Man is at work for you: Why, what is he doing? why truly he is a sowing Hemp-seed.

Ben. Johnson, one of our late Poets, owing a Vintner some Money, refrain'd his House, the Vintner meeting him by chance, ask'd him for his Money; and also told him, if he would come to his House, and answer him four Questions, he would forgive him his Debt. *Ben. Johnson* very gladly agreed, and went at the time appointed; so he calls for a Bottle of Claret, and drank to the Vintner, praising the Vine at a great Rate: Says the Vint-

Vintner: This is not our Business, Mr. Johnson, answer my four Questions, or else you must pay me my Mooney, or go to Jail, that's in short, and he had got two Bailiffs waiting at the Door to arrest him. Pray, says Ben. propose your four Questions. Then says the Vintner you must tell me, 1st, *what best pleases God?* 2dly, *what best pleases the Devil?* 3dly, *what best pleases the world?* And Lastly, *what best pleases me?* Well says, Ben.

*God is best pleas'd when Man forsakes his Sin;
The Devil's best pleas'd when Man continues
(therein:*

*[The World's best pleas'd when you do draw
(good Wine;*

And you'll be pleas'd when I do pay for mine.
The Vintner was well pleas'd, and gave Mr. Johnson a Receipt in full for his Debt, and a Bottle of Claret into the Bargain.

A Soldier that lately came from Flanders went to a Tobacconist to buy two Ounces of Tobacco. So, Sir, says he, do you take Spanish Three pences? Yes, Friend, says the Tobacconist, if they will go. Nay, says the Soldier, if it will not go, I'll change it. Very well

Ingenious Jester.

91

well, very well, says the Tobacconist. With that the Soldier put his Finger and Thumb into his Neck, and pulls out a thundering Louse, and lays it down upon the Counter : So the Tobacconist takes out his Spectacles to see what the Soldier had laid down ; so while he was peeping on it, says the Soldier, *what won't it go ? If it won't i'll change it, and give you another.* Ah, says he, it will go very well, but pray let me have no more of your Spanish Three-pences.

Some Gentlemen boasting of their Gentility, one Person of the Company willing to be a Gentleman with the rest, was at a loss for a Coat of Arms. One of them being a VVag, said, he would find him one, which was this, *Two Posts Rampant, one Couchant, a Rope Pendant, and a Rogue at the End on's.*

Two Gentlemen going to *Dunstable*, met a Company of *Gipsies*, and a little while after a couple of Parsons. Says one of the *Gentlemen* to the other, by and by I will put a Jest upon the Parsons : So when he came up to them, says he to the Parsons, *Have a care that*
the

England's Witty and
the Egyptians *do not overcome the* Israelites. Sir, says one of the Parsons, I know not what you mean. *I'll excuse you*, says he, *seeing you came so lately from Dunstable.*

A Lawyer and his Man riding on the Road, his Man desired to know what was the chiefest Point of the Law? His Master said, If he would promise to pay for their Suppers that Night he'd tell him. Sir, I will. Why then, **Good sufficient Witnesses** are the chiefest Point in the Law. So when they came to the Inn, the Master bespoke a couple of Fowls for Supper; and when they had supp'd, says his Master, You must pay it according to Agreement. O Sir, says he, *where's your witness?*

An Apothecary said, that *All Bitter things are Hot*: says another, What d'ye think of bitter cold Weather.

The **Great Erasmus** coming into *England*, had heard of the Wit and Learning of *Sir Thomas More*, then Lord Chancellor; who likewise had heard that he was a facetious Man: *Erasmus* coming to *Sir Thomas More's* Door,

Door, and having met with Sir Thomas, he desir'd him to walk in; to which having agreed amongst other Discourse, they were in Debate concerning the real Presence in the Sacrament; which when Erasmus would by no means believe, says Sir Thomas, *Crede quod edis, & edis, believe that you eat it, and you do really eat it.* Some time after Erasmus being to go for Holland, desir'd Sir Thomas Moore to lend him a Horse as far as Harwich; Sir Thomas lends him a Palrey, and a Man to attend him: But at Harwich, Erasmus Ships off the Horse, and writ the following Lines to Sir Thomas Moore.

*Nonne meministi
Quod mihi dixisti
De Corpore Christi,
Crede quod edis, & edis?
Idem tibi Scribo
De tuo Palfrido
Crede quid habes & habes.*

Don't you remember what you said in me concerning the Body of Christ, believe that you eat it, and you eat it. So I say to you concerning your Horse, Believe that you have it, and you have it.

**A Choice Collection of the
Newest Songs, sung at
Court and both Theatres.**

*The Surrender Dunkirk to the Queen of
Great-Britain, to the Joy and Satis-
faction of old England.*

Tune of, Now comes the glorious Year

Come, come rejoyce now ev'ry one
A glorious Peace is coming on
Now *Dunkirk* too is made our own,
the Wars will soon be over;
The bloody Sword away lets fling,
Under our Vines in Peace we'll sing
Heavens ble's our gracious Sovereign
who is the Country lover. (*Queen*)

Our gracious Queen, whom Heaven
Has told us of a glorious Peace, (ble's
That we may have and trade increas
Such care our Queen has taken;
Who

A Collection of the Songs
What tho' some Peoples tempers such,
To think we can never do too much,
To ruin ourselves and make the D—h,
but they are all mistaken.

Good Subjects ev'ry one does cry
God bless our Gracious Majesty,
For bringing *France* for to comply,
that *Dunkirk* they'll Surrender.
Brave *Ormond's* Forces are march'd in,
Tho' some pretend to hinder him,
Their project was not worth a Pin,
since *Anna's* our defender.

Peace is a Comfort all does know;
'Tis Peace that maketh Riches flow,
And Peace preventeth blood also:
They're blessings of a Nation,
Since that now *Dunkirk* it is seen,
To fall in the hands of our Queen,
It is to the joy of Loyal Men,
to others a vexation.

Peace with a Lawrel in her Hand,
Waiteth upon our great Queen *Ann*,
To the great joy of all the Land,
that Peace might be proclaimed too:

96 *A Collection of New Songs.*
But says some Foreigners afar,
Who of a Peace cares not to hear,
But would continue on the War,
For they'd have *France* and *Spain* too.

Brave Admiral *Lake* on board did go,
With men of War and transports too,
Five thousand Men he had also,

To *Dunkirk* the Queen sent us;
Tho' there's a grumbling tonion crew,
Said that was more than we could do,
For the *D-b* with a Squadron lay there

On purpose too prevent us: (too,
But *Britain's* Fleet did not them fear,
For straight to *Dunkirk* they did steer,
And General *Hill* is Govenour there,

Let Bonfires be making,
And to the Queen a Bumper fill,
To *Ormond*, *Lake*, and General *Hill*,
And for the Honour of *England* still,
Now *Dunkirk* we have taken.

Britain's Joy being made welcome in
Dunkirk, &c. Tune of, *Drown all*
melancholly in a Glass of Wine,

NOW Drown all Sorrow cast all
(care away,
At last is come great *Britain's* joyful
(Day, Let

Let e'ery Man drink Loyal Healths
(all round,
Pray for great *Anne* with Knees unto
(the Ground,
Now famous *Dunkirk* is our own at
(last,
Britain's all rejoyce, for now the worst
(is past;
Now a glorious Peace will in short
(Time be made,
That we all may Flourish with a
(thriving Trade.

Candles were lighted which did
(sweetly shine,
And *London City* Conduits run with
(Wine,
Ev'ry true Heart drank loyal Healths
(all round
To our good Queen while kneeling
(on the ground,
Good store of Bumpers was in plenty
(seen,
While Loyal Subjects cry'd God save
(the Queen,
Since *Dunkirk* is our own, Peace will
(soon be made,
And we shall Flourish, &c.

98 *A Collection of New Songs.*

Now our Merchants need not fear no
(Foe,
To any part they may a Trading go,
Since a glorious Peace will in short
(time be made,
And we all shall Flourish, &c.

When Famous *Dunkirk* we did enter in
To welcome us straightways they did
(being,
And Colonel *Hill* the Governour was
(made,
Of bloody wars be no more afraid,
We shall have free Trading both with
(*France* and *Spain*,
Tho' Trading has been Scarce it will
(be brisk again,
Since the glorious Peace will in short
(time be made.

Boys we all shall Flourish, &c.
Now to great *Anna* fill up a flowing
(Glas,
To all true hearts about now let it
(pass,

Since

A Collection of New Songs. 99

Since that brave *Dunkirk* is at last our
God bless our Queen upon great Bri-
And Crown her days with Peace and
To our Queens good Health the other
Your Respects now show with all
That we may from bloody factions
(own
(tains thrown,
(Plenty still,
(Bumper fill.
(humility,
(Wars be free.

*The Pritty Maiden's Rejoycing for their
Sweet Hearts coming home. Tune of
Cold Temperate.*

YOU pretty Maidens all I find,
You have been much disturb'd
And seem'd long time to be dismay'd,
But now no longer be afraid,
For all your Loves you'll soon behold,
And they will bring you store of gold
There's many pretty Maids I own,
In *Wapping* who has made sad morn
For their Sweet-hearts on the main,
But now you need no more complain,

100 *A Collection of New Songs.*

You there Faces will behold,
And they will bring you store of gold
Dear husbands now you needn't want
For young Men they will not be scant
They will adore your pretty charms,
And all Night hug you in their Arms.
Now all your loves you will behold,
And they will bring you store of Gold
Young Maids t'is Counsel I you give
No longer now to sigh and grive,
Your Love in short time will come
[home,
And with great honour they'll come:
They'll not be prest from you again,
You all may live and thrive amain.

*The Scotch Lover; Or, an Amorous En-
counter between Sawny and Peggy.
To a New Scotch Tune.*

B Onny Peggy lived near
to Edenb'ro,
And Sawny he believ'd
that Peggy lov'd him too;
For she sighing often
unto herself would say,
Ah! why is Sawny scoffing,
and gangs not this way?

Lately

Lately at Hay-making
in a Meadow by,
As the Hay was raking
Sawny he drew nigh;
Come my dretty Peggy
let's gang to yonder's Broo,
He shew thee how our Daddies
got both me and you.
An na, an na, an na,
Sawny, that munno be,
Unless the Man of Gad,
first joyn me and thee
for it will bring on me,
a muckle muckle Harm,
What's my Virginity
when Ie am got with Barn,
Oh! my dearest Peggy,
if it happen so,
He will keep the young Scot,
do my Peggy do;
Now we are at leasure,
come gang along with me,
He shew thee muckle Pleasure
under yonder Tree
Then hand and hand they walked
to the Place defin'd,
And of Love they talked
to please each others Mind:

102 *A Collection of New Songs.*

And they sat them down
beneath the Tree to chat ;
Cryes, Peggy, Now, a'afe !
my Heart grows pit-a-pat
But when those Fears were over,
which she underwent,
Her Eyes did then discover,
That Love was her Intent :
Sawny kist and hugg'd her,
and so they hugg'd that Day,
As long as Sawny could do,
then they gang'd away.

*Charming Celia; or, The admiring Lover
To a pleasant new Tune.*

Since Celia only has the art,
And only she can captivate,
and wanton in thy breast.
All other Pleasures I despise
Than what are from my Celia's Eyes
in her alone I'm blest.
When e'er she smiles new life she gives
And happy, happy, who receives,
from the enchanting breath.
Then prithee Celia smile once more
Since I no longer must adore,
for when you frown tis death

*The Lover's Advice to his Mistress.
To a pleasant new Tune.*

Celia, hence with Affectation;
hence with all this careless Air;
Hypocrisie is out of fashion,
with the witty and the fair.
Nature all thy Arts discloses,
while the Pleasures she supplies,
Paint thy glowing Cheeks with Rose,
and inflame thy sparkling Eyes.
Foolish Celia not to know,
Love thy Interest and thy Duty;
Thou to Love alone do'st owe,
all thy joy and all thy Duty;
Mark the tuneful feather'd kind,
at the coming of the Spring;
All in happy Pairs are join'd,
and because they love, they sing.

*The Loyal Subject; Or, The Bottle makes
good Blood. Tune of Hey Boys up go we*

LET Whigs a lasting Peace dispute,
and start the good old Cause,
Their Spight and Malice, we'll refute
in honest drunken Laws.

104 *A Collection of New Songs.*

A *Glas de Jury* makes us true
in *England's* lawfull Head:

The harmleſs Bottle may renew
the Blood the Sword hath ſhed.

To *Anna* then, while Drinking's good,
to *Anna* let it paſs;

For ſince we can't do what we wou'd,
we'll Crown her in a Glas. (Crew,
Had thus the zealous head ſtrong
in Drinking ſhew'd their Skill,

We might have had a Peace, till now,
and drank good Claret ſtill.

A Lawful Peace, when Peace we
is *Anna's* Right alone; (want,
Though zealous Whigs, and filly Prigs,
this Maxim will not own;

But thoſe to *No!* the Sword allow'd
to whom the Rump did bow,

Our Sovereign the People won't
afford the Scepter now;

But ſince ſoft Peace is now the Prize,
and Peace is at our Doors,

Let all with one accord diſpiſe
theſe Wiggish Sons of Wh—s:

Let all with one accord conſent
not to offend the Laws:

Reſpect the Queen and Parliament,
and hang the good old Cauſe.

The

The Cullies Invitation.
Tune of, *The Hop Minerva.*

O You merry, merry Souls,
Christmas is a coming,
 We shall have flowing Bowls,
 Dancing, Piping, Drumming ;
 Delicate Minced-Pyes
 to feast e'ry Virgin ;
 Capon and Goose likewise'
 Brawn, and a Dish of Sturgeon.
 Then for your *Christmas* Box,
 sweet Plum cakes and Money ;
 Delicate *Holland* Smocks,
 Kisses sweet as Honey.
 I for the *Christmas* Ball,
 where ws will be Jolly,
 Coupling short and tall,
Kate, Dick, Ralph and Melly,
 To the Hop we'll go,
 where we'll Gigg and Capour,
 Cuckolds all a row :
Will shall pay the Scraper ;
Tom must Dance with *Sue*,
 keeping time with kisses,
 We'll have a jovial Crew
 of sweet smirking Misses.

Christ-

Christmas when come and gone,
then we hope for *Easter* :

Bridget kisses *John*
for a merry *Teaster*.

Treating must not fail.
for he often try'd her,

Cakes and Bottle Ale,
Sugar, Sack, and Cyder.

O the merry, merry Hop,
crowns the *G*rls with Pleasure ;

Young Men mind their Stops ;
Trade for hidden Treasure.

Jigs and round delays,
tripping altogether :

Spends the Holidays
Like Birds of a Feather.

Jenken's Hop we know,
Has the finest Dances ;

Leveridge's Hop also
Is as full of Fancies ;

There do they Hop about,
Jiging and cutting Capers,

Bobing in and out,
after the Cat-gut Scrapers.

O you merry, merry Rogues,
Whitsuntide's a coming,

For the young Men they
will surely kiss the Women.

I for a Cake or a Bun,
a Hobby-horse or a Gelding;
I for a little more fun
in kissing of the Women.
There is our dainty Does,
with their rising Bubbies;
Eyes as black as Slices,
Lips as Red as Rubies:
Robin chuses *Kate*,
Simon bucksome *Mary*,
Every one his Mate,
dancing of Hey-down-derry:
With the Cushing Dance:
there is kissing, billing,
Every youthful Glance
shows the Damsels willing:
Roger tickles *Sue*,
both with a Pipe and Taber;
Robin Bobtails *Prue*,
verily his Neighbour.
When the Hop breaks up,
Betty, *Bridget*, *Robin*,
Thro' the Streets they troop
altogether mobbing,
Both with Sparks and Clowns,
hot as if they fainted,
Some in ragged Gowns,
others Patch'd and Painted.

*The Country Squire tam'd: Or, She Coun-
try Rake's Farewell to London
To a Play-House Tune.*

SLaves to *London* I'll deceive you,
For the Country now I leave you
Who can drink and not be mad?
Wine so dear, and yet so bad.

So much Noise, and Air so smoaky,
That stun you, this to Choak ye:
Men so selfish, false and rude,

Nymphs so young, and yet so lewd.

If we play, we are sure of loosing,
If we love out Doom we're choosing,
At the Play-house tedious sport,
Cant in the City, Cringe at Court.

Dirty Streets, and dirtier Bullies,
Jolting Coaches, Whores and Cullies,
Knaves and Coxcombs e'very where,
Who that's wise would tarry here?

Quiet harmless Country Pleasure,
Shall at home divert my Leasure;

Farewel *London*, I'll repair,

To my Native Country Air,

And leave all my Plagues behind me
But at home my Wife will find me,

Oh!

Oh! ye Gods, 'tis ten times worse,
London is the milder Curse.

But to avoid the plagues of my Wife,
I'll hunt all Day to ease my Life,
And at Night I'll sport and drink;
So of my Wife I will not think.

Thus when the daybreaks I'll to bed,
To ease my drinking aking Head,
But when I rise what shall I do,
My Wife will be then in my View.

I am resolved when she begins
To scold, or bawl, then I will sing:
If she won't then be at quiet,
I will keep her poor with Diet.

Thus in Country or the City,
Man's disturb'd, the more's the pity,
In *London* by a Debauch'd Life,
I'th' Country by a Noisy Wife.

Go to *London*, I'm tormented,
In the Country discontented;
London ruins me by Play.
I'th' Country my Wife's in the Way.

But after all 'tis but in vain
For me to think a Shrew to tame,
O ye Gods since confin'd I must,
Death is much the easier Curse.

*The Country Courtship, or the Maiden's
Choice; who prefer'd a Moderate Man
before a Whig or Tory. To a pretty
French Tune*

A Tory, a Whig, and a Moderate Man,
O'er a Tub of Strong Ale,
Met in *Aylsbury Vale*, (Buxom Nan :
Where there liv'd a plump Lass they call'd
The Tory a *Londoner*, proud and high,
the Whig was a Tradesman, Plaguy fly ;
the Trimmer a Farmer, but merry and dry ;
and thus they their Suit began.

Pretty Nancy we're come to put in our claim,
Resolv'd upon Wedlock's pleasing Game:

Here's *Jacob* the Big,
and *William* the Whig,
and *Roger* the Grig,

Jolly Lads as e're was buckled in Girdle fast :
say which you will choose,
to tie with a Noose,

For a Wife we must carry whate'er comes on't
then think upon't,

You'll never be sorry when you've don't,
Nor like us the worse for our woin' so blunt ;
then tells us who pleases best.

The Lass who was not of Motion shy,
the ripe years of her Life
being twenty five,

To the words of her Lovers strait made reply,
I find you believe me a Girl worth Gold,
and know too you like my Copy hold,
And since Fortune favours the brisk and bold,
one of ye I mean to try: But

But I am not for you nor *Sacheverell's* Cause,
Nor you with your *Headly's* Hums and Haws,
nor *Jacob* the Big,
nor *William* the Whig,
but *Roger* the Grig, (can
With his mirth & mildness happily please me
'tis him I will choose,
for the Conjugal Nooze,
So that the Church-Bully may rave rant,
and you may cant,
'Till both are impeach'd in Parliament;
'Tis Union and Peace that the Nation doth
So I'm for the Moderate Man. (want;
A Tory I hate for his blustering noise,
and the canting young Whig,
be he never so big,
I will never be catch'd in their sly decoys;
for I mean to marry one to my mind,
not one that's turning with ev'ry wind,
The Man that is merry with me he shall find,
a million of golden Joys:
But I am not for you of the hectoring breed
Nor you that can grumble when there is no
nor *Jacob* the Big, (need,
nor *William* the Whig,
but *Roger* the Wrig.
With his jolly hushours, happy I hope to be,
to him I'll be ty'd,
as a beautiful Bride,
So that you the hot Tory may curse your fate,
Whigs cant and prate,
While *Britains* enjoy a happy state,
Which Blessing, alas, we have wanted of late;
a Moderate Man for me,

Now

Now the Tory grew frantick and vext at hearts
and the Whig hung his Ears,
both in crocodile Tears.

For her words were to them like a fatal dart.
Quoth Mrs. *Nancy*, you are in a fret it seems,
I like not a Man of a vast extreams,
too hot or too cold causes troublesome
dreams

and therefore from both I'll part :
But I am not for you, nor *Sacheverell*, no ;
Nor you with your humming as much too low;
no *Jacob* the Big,
nor *William* the Whig,
but *Roger* the Grig,
Who is full as pleasant as a Bird on the Tree ;
He shall be my Lot,
in the conjugal Kuot ;
So be gone, Mr. Tory, you have lost a Prize,
and Whig likewise,
I'll be aware of youa shams and lyes,
I'll ever I come to the conjugal ties,
a moderate Man for me.

FINIS.

